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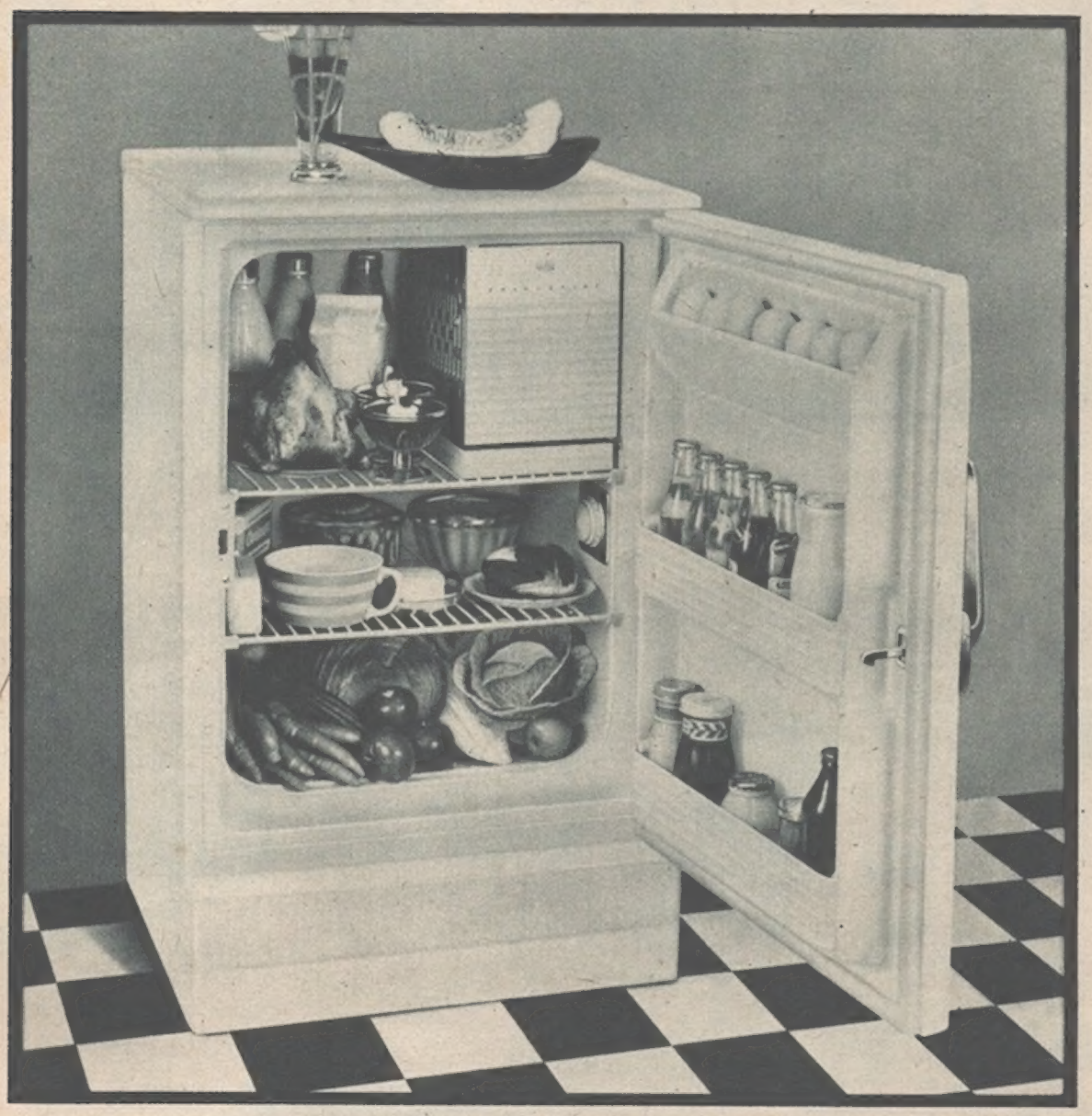

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CHANCERY 3344 MAY 25, 1957 VOLUME 101 NUMBER 2656

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Barry Perowne has vivid memories of the races

BARRY PEROWNE had no difficulty in getting the atmosphere right when he decided to make Gibraltar race-course the setting for his latest Raffles story. "My recollections of that course are only too vivid," he says wryly. For *Raffles And The Sherry Bowl Derby*, which begins on page 20, is based on a catastrophic day at the races twenty-five years ago.

At the time Perowne was a struggling writer with a young family to keep, and he found cheap living at Campamento, just on the Spanish side of the Gibraltar border. At the local café he regularly played billiards against a Madrid jockey who furnished him with excellent tips for the local races. But the winnings were quickly spent, and the time came when the Perowne family had to stake everything on the jockey's tip for the third race at the Saturday races.

On Saturday morning a liner put in at Gibraltar, and among the passengers were Steve Donoghue and Charlie Smirke. Naturally, the best horses were put at the disposal of the great jockeys. "My billiards opponent," says Perowne, "still backed his horse—and so did we. . . . Smirke won by a short head.

"But not all the detail in my stories comes from first-hand experience," says Perowne hastily, remembering that Raffles is a gentleman cracksman—and was born forty years before his author. Vivid memories of an Edwardian uncle and frequent travel abroad enable Perowne to give his stories the authentic flavour. "There's only one disadvantage," he says. "It takes me at least seven years to absorb my experiences abroad before I can write about them. I'm a sort of literary time-bomb."

AT twenty-eight, Peter Edward Hodgson has a growing reputation as one of Britain's most promising young scientists and as a writer of importance on scientific subjects. On page 17 this week he discusses an exciting new discovery that may help to answer a question which has intrigued men down the centuries—how did life begin?

Hodgson, a university lecturer, is mainly engaged on advanced research into nuclear physics. He carries out his experiments at Harwell—"shooting particles into nuclei and studying what happens when the nuclei disintegrate"—and then retires to a small room in a corner of an old army hut to put the results on paper.

In this room, scrupulously clean and polished, there are a desk, two chairs, a washbasin and two benches. Everything is bare except the desk. On it lie one or two sheets of paper covered with figures and esoteric diagrams. From these Hodgson expects to develop his conclusions. The work, he thinks, will be completed by the autumn.

And then? "There is always something to investigate. I don't yet know what it will be. Perhaps in my present experiments I will find something that needs following up with more research."

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Free Speech

- **No tears for dying craftsmanship**
- **Geese that were Good Samaritans**
- **Avoiding those Bank Holiday crushes**

WHAT a good thing it is that craftsmanship is dying out! The tyranny of the words "hand-made" is nearly over.

This means that I can buy a car with cheap, replaceable mass-produced parts; that I don't have to buy expensive furniture which will date quickly but can't be thrown out because it was "built to last a lifetime" and priced accordingly. Who wants a table to last a lifetime anyway?

And when the British veneration of the hand-made is finally dead perhaps people will stop knitting me those ghastly sweaters with sleeves which reach the knees after a few weeks of wear.—R. S., Birmingham.

Counter-attacking

The numbers of shop assistants these days who don't take the trouble to find out the facts about products that they are supposed to be selling appal me.

Last Saturday my wife found a draper's assistant who had no idea whether a particular material was guaranteed colour-fast, and a grocer's assistant who had never heard of Camembert cheese. A man in an ironmonger's was struck speechless when I asked him to explain the advantages of removing paint with an electric stripper instead of a blowlamp.

What really annoys me is that a layman with an intelligent interest in advertisements can often tell shop assistants more about their wares and their jobs than they know themselves.—G. E., Hatfield, Hertfordshire.

Indispensable Ruts

I wish people wouldn't keep criticizing others for "staying in a rut." It's all very slick and easy to talk about the adventurous pioneering spirit; of

being men and seeing the world. But this can only apply to nomadic tribes, casual workers and individual adventurers.

If we all listened to such nonsensical advice the country would soon be in utter chaos. Who would keep the wheels going in factory and office, fetch coal and milk on bitterly cold mornings and so on? People should think before they talk.—D. W., London, N.W.3.

Cover Charge

When I looked at the cover picture of the family at breakfast, with father stuck behind a newspaper and his son surreptitiously feeding the dog (JOHN BULL, April 27), I knew that I was getting far too old. It was a modern table with modern table manners—in fact the whole blasted modern set-up in a nutshell.—L. BAKER, King Cross, Halifax.

Trunk-line Confusion

Percy Thrower says that the complete ringing of a fruit tree is correct ("Your Garden And Mine," JOHN BULL, April 27). But I have always understood that this could cause permanent damage to the tree and that two half rings, one cut slightly above the other, were safer.—D. COLEMAN, Addlestone, Surrey.

"A vigorous, strong-growing tree can be cut all round in one operation," says Percy Thrower. "But in doubtful cases Mr. Coleman's method would give the same result. No bark-ringing is necessary with stone-fruit trees."

Knocking The Rocks

Around our coasts there are many rashes of dangerous rocks. Couldn't we make peacetime use of some of the large stocks of ammunition and

explosive left from the last war, or stockpiled against a future one, to blast some of these formations away?—G. E. THOM, George Street, Aberdeen.

"Ammunition would be of little use," says an explosives expert. "Special charges of the nitro-glycerine type are necessary for blasting under water."

"In any case," says a Trinity House official, "all the rocks round Britain are so well marked that the dangers to shipping are negligible these days."

Not Fully Prepared

Unlike G. L. Williams, of Glamorgan ("Free Speech," April 27), I had no homework and did just as I pleased after school hours. But now I attend evening classes three times a week after a full day's work and spend most of the other evenings studying to catch up.—D. A. COCHRANE, Brighton, Sussex.

. . . Wouldn't it be better to extend the school day by half an hour and give children a period of supervised preparation for the next day's lessons?—L. A. T., Morpeth, Northumberland.

Until recently, sixty-one per cent of French primary school pupils did more than one hour's homework daily. Now they are not asked to do more than a total of six hours school and homework in a day.

"Few British children under the age of eleven have to do regular homework," says the National Union of Teachers, "But we believe that it is essential to secondary school pupils."

Wild Goose Chase

Recently I saw a large V formation of wild geese with a lone straggler a great way behind. I was just thinking that he could never catch up when the leader of the formation suddenly wheeled, taking the rest with him. They swept right round, came up behind the solitary goose and took him back into their midst.—MRS. A. L. FRANCE, Skegness.

"Family ties among geese are very strong," says a naturalist, "and it's possible that the straggler was related to the leader."

Breaking The Bank

Surely it's time that Bank Holidays were abolished. Every Easter Saturday there are long queues of shoppers laying in provisions as though they were in for a siege And what is the pleasure in driving bumper to bumper along crowded roads?

Bank Holidays were introduced in 1871 to provide breaks for workers who otherwise wouldn't get them. Now they are an anachronism and should be staggered to avoid these crushes.—A. DAVIS, Gloucester.

Saving On Overheads?

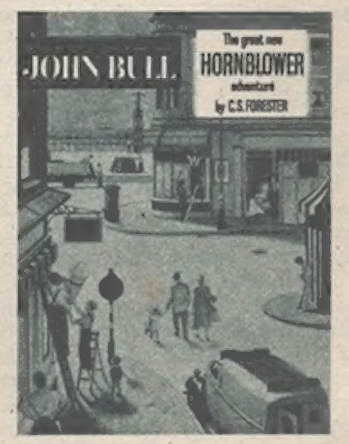
People who complain about the high cost of TV aerials and their repair should try making their own. Ours is six feet of wire netting threaded with a length of copper wire and placed in the loft.—MRS. A. CROSS, Victoria Road, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire.

"Even a metal rod standing in a corner can give results in areas where signals are particularly strong," says a B.B.C. engineer. "But Mrs. Cross is lucky to get a picture with such an aerial at Barrow-in-Furness, which is over sixty miles from Holme Moss and fifty from the less powerful transmitter on the Isle of Man."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

WELL, *somebody's* got to be first. And what with those good weather reports and all that talk about staggered holidays, it's small wonder that the clang of bucket and spade echoes through the town before ladders and paint brushes are put away. It's a pity that the early birds in Critchlow's cover had to unmask the secret of that monster ice-cream cornet: they felt a little guilty about discovering that it doesn't really melt. But a healthy suntan will soon hide any embarrassed blushes. So pardon the intrusion . . . is this the way to the beach?



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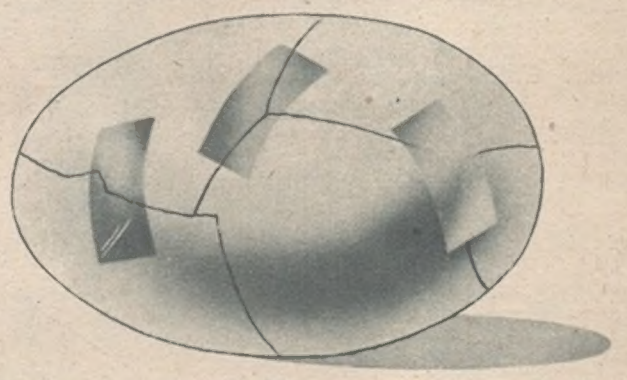

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Beginning another great adventure of the sea's most spectacular hero

HORNBLOWER and St. Elizabeth of Hungary

by C. S. FORESTER

REAR-ADMIRAL LORD HORNBLOWER, for all his proud appointment as Commander - in - Chief of His Majesty's Ships and Vessels in the West Indies, paid his official visit to New Orleans in H.M. Schooner Crab, mounting only two six-pounders and with a crew of no more than sixteen men, not counting supernumeraries.

His Britannic Majesty's Consul-General at New Orleans, Mr. Cloudesley Sharpe, remarked on the fact. "I hardly expected to see Your Lordship in so diminutive a craft," he said, looking round him.

Mr. Sharpe had driven down in his carriage to the pier and had sent his liveried footman to the gangway to announce him, and it had been something of an anticlimax to be received by the trilling of the only two bos'n's calls that Crab could muster, and to find on the quarterdeck to receive him, besides the admiral and his flag lieutenant, a mere lieutenant in command.

"The exigencies of the service, sir," explained Hornblower. "But, if I may lead the way below, I can offer you whatever hospitality this temporary flagship affords."

Mr. Sharpe—surely there never was a name that accorded so ill with its possessor's figure, for he was a fat man, a mountain of puffy flesh—squeezed himself into a chair at the table in the pleasant little cabin, and replied to Hornblower's suggestion of breakfast with the statement that he had already broken his fast. He obviously had the gravest doubts as to the quality of any breakfast that could be served in this little ship. Gerard, the flag lieutenant, made himself inconspicuous in a corner of the cabin, notebook and pencil on his knee, while Hornblower reopened the conversation.

"Phoebe was struck by lightning off Morant Cape," Hornblower said. "She was the

Sharpe looked out of the cabin window. "There she is," he said. "What do you make of her, My Lord?"

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

ship I had planned to come in. Clorinda was in dock, refitting, and Roebuck's off Curaçao, keeping an eye on the Dutchmen—there's a brisk trade in arms with Venezuela at present."

"Well I know that," said Sharpe.

"Those are my three frigates," said Hornblower. "With the arrangements all made, I judged it better to come in this schooner rather than not to come at all."

"How are the mighty fallen!" was Mr. Sharpe's comment. "Your Lordship, a commander-in-chief, with no more than three frigates and half a dozen sloops and schooners."

"Fourteen sloops and schooners, sir," corrected Hornblower. "They are very desirable craft for the duties I have to perform."

"No doubt, My Lord," said Mr. Sharpe. "But I can remember the days when the commander-in-chief on the West India Station disposed of a squadron of ships of the line."

"That was in time of war, sir," explained Hornblower, recalling the comments of the First Sea Lord in the interview when he had been offered this command. "The House of Commons would sooner allow the Royal Navy to rot at its moorings than reimpose the income tax."

"At any rate, Your Lordship has arrived," said Sharpe. "Your Lordship exchanged salutes with Fort St. Philip?"

"Gun for gun, as your dispatch informed me had been arranged."

"Excellent!" said Sharpe.

It had been a strange little formality; all hands on board Crab had lined the rail, very properly, during the salute, and the officers had stood at attention on the quarter-deck; but "all hands" amounted to very little, with four men manning the saluting gun, and one at the signal halyards, and one at the helm. It had poured with rain, too; Hornblower's glittering uniform had clung damply around him.

"Your Lordship made use of the services of a steam tug?"

"Yes, by George!" exclaimed Hornblower.

"A remarkable experience for Your Lordship, apparently?"

"Indeed, yes," said Hornblower. "I . . ."

He held himself back from giving utterance to all his thoughts on that subject; they would lead to too many exciting irrelevancies. But a steam tug had brought Crab against the hundred miles of current from the sea to New Orleans between dawn and dusk, arriving at the very minute the tug captain had predicted.

And here was New Orleans, crowded not merely with ocean-going sailing ships, but also with a fleet of long, narrow steamers, manoeuvring out into the stream and against piers with a facility, thanks to their two paddle wheels, that even Crab with her handy fore-and-aft rig could not attempt to emulate. And with a thresh of those paddle wheels they would go flying upstream with a rapidity almost unbelievable.

"Steam has laid open a continent, My Lord," said Sharpe, echoing Hornblower's thoughts. "A veritable empire. Thousands and thousands of miles of navigable waterways. The population of the Mississippi valley will be counted in millions within a few years."

Hornblower remembered discussions at home, when he was a half-pay officer awaiting his promotion to flag rank, when the "steam kettles" had been mentioned. Even the possibility of ocean-going ships propelled by steam had been suggested, and had been properly laughed to scorn—it would mean the ruin of good seamanship.

Hornblower had not been quite so sure on either point, but he had been careful to keep his opinions to himself, having no desire to be regarded as a dangerous crank. He did not want to be drawn into any similar discussions now, not even with a mere civilian.

"What intelligence do you have for me, sir?" he asked.

"A considerable amount, My Lord." Sharpe produced a fold of papers from his tail pocket. "Here are the latest advices from New Granada—more recent, I expect, than anything you have had. The insurgents. . . ."

Mr. Sharpe entered into a rapid exposition of the military and political situation in Central America. The Spanish colonies were entering into the final stage of their struggle for independence.

"It cannot be long before His Majesty's Government recognizes that independence," said Sharpe. "And our Minister in Washington informs me that the Government of the United States meditates a similar recognition. It remains to be seen what the Holy Alliance will have to say on that score, My Lord."

Europe, under the rule of absolute monarchy, would turn a jaundiced eye upon the establishment of a whole new series of republics, no doubt. But it hardly mattered what Europe had to say, as long as the Royal Navy—even the depleted peacetime navy—controlled the seas, and the two English-speaking governments continued in amity.

"Cuba shows small signs of restlessness," went on Sharpe, "and I have information of the issue of further letters of marque by the Spanish Government to vessels sailing from Havana."

Letters of marque were one of the principal sources of Hornblower's troubles. They were being issued by insurgent and nationalist governments alike, to prey upon ships flying the old flags, and the new, and the bearers of letters of marque turned pirates in the twinkling of an eye, in the absence of legitimate prizes and efficient prize courts. Thirteen of Hornblower's fourteen small craft were scattered over the Caribbean, keeping an eye on the activities of the privateers.

"I have prepared duplicates of my reports for Your Lordship's information," concluded Sharpe. "I have them here to give to Your Lordship, along with copies of the complaints of the master-mariners concerned."

"Thank you, sir," said Hornblower, while Gerard took the papers into his charge.

"Now for the slave trade, with Your Lordship's permission," went on Sharpe, opening a fresh series of papers.

The slave trade was as acute a question as piracy, even more acute in some ways, because the Anti-Slavery Society in England commanded a great deal of powerful and vocal support in both Houses of Parliament, and would raise an even more violent to-do about a cargo of slaves run into Havana or Rio de Janeiro, than a shipping company pestered by privateers.

"At this moment, My Lord," said Sharpe, "a raw hand newly bought from the Slave Coast is selling for eighty pounds in the Havana barracoons—and he costs no more than a pound in trade goods at Whydah. Those profits are tempting, My Lord."

"Naturally," said Hornblower.

"I have reason to believe that ships of both British and American registry are engaged in the traffic, My Lord."

"So have I."

The First Sea Lord had tapped ominously on the table in that interview, when touching on this part of his instructions to Hornblower. Under the new law, British subjects who engaged in the slave trade could be hanged, and the ships seized. But care would be necessary in dealing with ships flying American colours. If they refused to heave to on the high seas for examination, the utmost tact would have to be employed. To shoot away an American spar or to kill an American citizen would mean trouble. America had gone to war with England only nine years before over matters very similar.

"We want no trouble, My Lord," said Sharpe. He had a pair of hard intelligent grey eyes deep set in his puffy face.

"I am aware of that, sir."

"And in this connection, My Lord, I must employ special emphasis in calling to your attention a vessel making ready for sea here in New Orleans."

"I have the honour," said Cloudesley Sharpe

"Which ship is this?"

"She is visible from the deck, My Lord. In fact"—Sharpe struggled out of his chair and walked to the cabin window—"yes, there she is. What do you make of her, My Lord?"

Hornblower looked out from beside Sharpe. He saw a beautiful ship of eight hundred tons or more. Her fine lines, the lofty rake of her masts, the wide spread of her yards, were all clear indications of speed, for which some sacrifice of cargo carrying capacity had been made. She was flush-decked, with six painted gun-ports along each side. American shipbuilders had always evinced a tendency towards building fast ships, but this was an advanced example of the type.

"Are there guns behind those ports?" asked Hornblower.

"Twelve-pounders, My Lord."

Even in these days of peace it was not unusual for merchant vessels to carry guns, whether for voyages in the West Indies or the

in French, "of making two distinguished figures acquainted with each other." Hornblower made his bow to Cambronne. "Enchanted, sir," he said

East, but this was a heavier armament than usual.

"She was built as a privateer," said Hornblower.

"Quite right, My Lord. She's the Daring; she was built during the war, and made one voyage and took six prizes from us before the Treaty of Ghent. And now, My Lord?"

"She could be a slaver."

"Your Lordship is right again, of course."

THAT heavy armament would be desirable in a slaver anchoring up a West African river liable to a treacherous attack; she could easily have a slavedeck with that flush build; her speed would minimize deaths among the slaves during the Middle Passage; her lack of capacity for bulk cargo would be unimportant in a slaver.

"*Is* she a slaver?" asked Hornblower.

"Apparently not, My Lord, despite her appearance. She is being chartered to carry a great many men, all the same. Naturally I can can only tell Your Lordship the facts as disclosed to me. . . . She is under charter to a French general, Count Cambronne."

"Cambronne? Cambronne? The man who commanded the Imperial Guard at Waterloo?"

"That's the man, My Lord."

"The man who said 'The Old Guard dies but does not surrender'?"

"Yes, My Lord, although report says he actually used a ruder expression. He was wounded and taken prisoner, but he did not die."

"So I have heard. But what does he want with this ship?"

"It is all open and above-board, apparently. After the war, Boney's Old Guard formed an organization for mutual aid. In 1816 they decided to become colonists. Your Lordship must have heard something about the project?"

"Hardly anything."

"They came out and seized an area of land on the coast of Texas, the province of Mexico adjacent to this State of Louisiana. It was easy enough to start, with Mexico in the throes of her revolt against Spain. There was no opposition to them, as you understand, My Lord. But it was not so easy to continue. I cannot imagine that soldiers of the Old Guard would ever have made good agriculturists. And on that pestilential coast. . . . It is a series of dreary lagoons, with hardly an inhabitant."

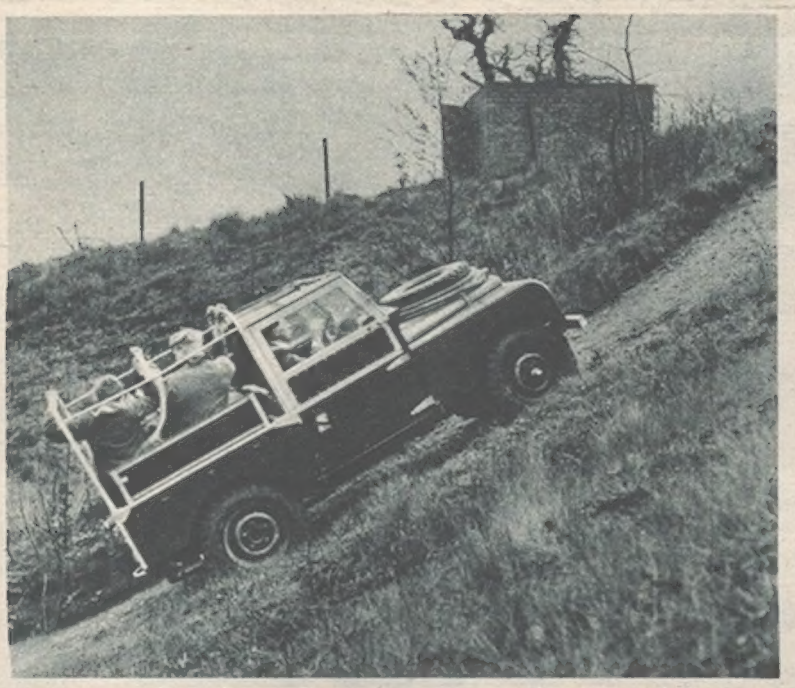
"The scheme failed?"

"As Your Lordship might expect. Half of them died of malaria and yellow fever, and half of the rest simply starved. Cambronne has come out from France to carry the survivors home, five hundred of them. The Government of the United States never liked the project, as Your Lordship can imagine, and now the insurgent government is strong enough to take exception to the presence on the shores of Mexico of a large body of trained soldiers, however peaceable their intentions. Your Lordship can see Cambronne's story could be perfectly true."

"Yes."

An eight hundred ton ship, equipped as a

Continued on page 24



An error on Boilerhouse Slope may mean a thirty-foot fall. Peter Townsend liked the slope so much that he drove up it six times

Joy-riding in the jungle

by ANTHONY HANCOX

Alec Joyce drives through a treacherous wilderness of mud, water and potholes. Sometimes his passengers turn pale — but Joyce's car never lets them down

Joyce in the heart of his "jungle." After a day on this course he usually has to wait an hour or more for his hands to stop shaking

THE five Russian engineers, members of the Soviet motor industry's research association, took photographs of the vehicle, asked permission to look under the bonnet, and scribbled hundreds of words in their notebooks. "We have a car in Russia just as good as this," said the leader of the party as they were invited to go for a ride.

A few minutes later on that November morning in 1955, chief demonstrator Alec Joyce had ushered the Russians into the back of the Land-Rover and driven off with instructions to "show them round 'The Jungle.'"

In the next twenty minutes they squelched through an acre of mud, then dipped down a one-in-two gradient into a wood. There they twisted along a stream, dropped into hidden potholes and lurched over tree roots. Finally, Joyce slipped the vehicle into bottom gear, got out of the cab, said goodbye to the passengers, who were still inside, and sent the driverless vehicle down a muddy slope.

"This bottom-gear trick is my party piece," says Joyce. "Passengers are apt to turn pale, but it is perfectly safe. When they reach the bottom of the slope they have as much faith as I have in the engine's ability to act as a brake."

During their ride the Russians held on to the tubular steel hood supports, which are one inch thick. When they left the vehicle the supports, and the steel frames of the seats, were noticeably bent. "Those Russians weren't quite so talkative when they got out," says Joyce.

Forty-eight years old and slightly built, Joyce specializes in Land-Rover demonstrations on the mile and a half of rough riding round the Rover company's factory at Solihull, Warwickshire. Since 1948 he has bumped his way over it eight thousand times, carrying eleven thousand passengers and covering enough miles to take him to Kenya and back. Other employees know the course as "Joyce's Jungle."

It is Joyce's job to show prospective buyers and distinguished visitors what a Land-Rover can do, and how it should be controlled over different types of terrain. In sun, rain or snow, he drives round The Jungle several times a day. His pupils are farmers, policemen, doctors, firemen, car dealers and even housewives, as well as professional travellers, authors and intending emigrants, who graduate in order to face real jungles, swamps and deserts.

Last autumn Sao Sanda, daughter of the first president of Burma, reported for instruction wearing the traditional dress of her homeland, a

flowing, brightly coloured sari. She inspected the jungle course, and returned next day in sweater and blue jeans.

The five-foot tall princess knew a lot about jungles, but the knack of using clutch, brake and accelerator to best advantage seemed to elude her. Joyce discovered the cause of her difficulty when she suddenly kicked off her shoes. Barefooted, she drove perfectly. "I have always hated shoes and I couldn't feel the pedals with them on," she explained. Later she drove barefooted seven thousand miles to Nepal with her English husband.

Most of Joyce's expedition trainees, like the princess, drive off to lands with hot climates. But in the summer of 1955 Joyce had one passenger, an engineer from Bechuanaland, who planned to take his wife and three children through Norway and across the Arctic Circle to give them a cold holiday for a change. Joyce was able to reassure the engineer that the four-wheel drive technique he was demonstrating in mud was very similar to that required for driving on snow.

All the Rover company's salesmen have to graduate as competent demonstrators by learning to drive round the course, and it was a salesman trainee who gave Joyce one of the roughest of his rough rides. The man lost his nerve, put his foot down on the accelerator, slithered through the mud on madly racing wheels, bounced over some rough ground and crashed into a post. Not surprisingly, the trainee chose to walk back.

On one of the few occasions when the mud trapped even the experienced Joyce, his passenger was the Right Rev. John Daly, who was due to take up a new appointment as Bishop in Korea. Joyce hesitated to ask such a dignitary for help, but the bishop, a cross swinging from his neck over his blue overalls, jumped out and worked shin deep in the mud to free the vehicle.

When men of the Coventry fire department paid an evening visit to the Rover car factory it was mentioned that firemen often have to cover difficult ground at night. Joyce accepted the implied challenge by taking the visitors over the course in the darkness.

Although his vehicles have sustained crushed wings and doors and dented bumpers, Joyce has had only one injury, a slipped disc. "I am not sure how it happened," he says. "The doctor said I could have got it at work, but it might just as easily have been caused by digging the garden at home."

After a day on the course he usually has to wait an hour or more for his hands to stop shaking. Even more severe, he feels, is the strain of putting the vehicle through its paces while at the same time making sure of the passengers' safety. So far there have been no accidents while he has been at the wheel.

The Queen and Prince Philip used a Land-Rover on their 1953 West Indies tour. With ten gears and a four-wheel drive, the car can cross fields, moorland, plains or deserts at good speeds

WOULD-BE travellers to foreign parts get "expedition advice" as well as driving tuition. Although there is a regular flow of prospective overseas travellers, some expeditions get no farther than Joyce's Jungle. A trip round the course and a look through the "expedition advice" convinces some pupils that their preparations are inadequate.

"Once I had four undergraduates who thought that they could drive from Alaska to Cape Horn on a handful of halfpennies," says Joyce. "After a time they realized that such long and arduous trips need proper equipment."

Some of Joyce's passengers make only fleeting visits of a few hours to the factory; others are there for one or two weeks for instruction on servicing the vehicle. Only those on this course are eventually allowed to drive themselves through The Jungle.

As soon as a new passenger gets in beside him, Joyce explains that there are eight forward gears and two reverse. He is also careful to add that the demonstration trip will mean "a bit of a shake-up; it's not the sort of thing for someone with heart trouble." It is a hint which acts as a safeguard both for the company and the passenger.

Out on the speed road Joyce demonstrates rear-wheel drive at speeds up to 60 m.p.h. Then, steering into a deeply rutted track, he pulls down a yellow lever which puts the highest four gears into four-wheel drive. "Now all four wheels are connected to the engine," he tells the pupil. "In this way you can get along over fields, moorland, plains or deserts at very good speeds."

Just before ploughing into the mud he brings the speed down to a crawl and pulls a red lever which puts the lowest four gears into operation. They are automatically on four-wheel drive. When going into mud, water or The Jungle, or approaching steep slopes, Joyce warns his pupil to reach for the red lever.

During the run Joyce deliberately gets the vehicle bogged down, in order to show the pupil how to haul himself out of trouble by using the winch fitted to the vehicle's bonnet. The nylon rope on the winch is run out and tied to the base of the nearest stout tree. The engine is run at six hundred revolutions a minute and slowly the vehicle slithers forward to safety. "Always make sure that the rope is tied securely," says Joyce. "In a desert where there are no trees, use your spare wheel as an anchor by burying it."

Joyce keeps the acre of mud at its most treacherous by having it specially watered and churned up by bulldozers. The forty-feet water trough is topped up to keep it at a level of eighteen inches. The rest of the course needs no maintenance. The woodland is left to grow wild; the ruts in the tracks grow deeper with each new journey.

Some time ago, twenty-six year old John Stevens, an assistant to Joyce, took Peter Townsend round the jungle course. The run included the Boilerhouse Slope, a one-in-two incline thirty yards long. There is just enough room for one vehicle. Any misjudgment by a driver could send him rolling down thirty feet on to the coal heaps of the boilerhouse. Townsend liked the slope so much that he drove up and down it six times.

Alec Joyce was born in Kenilworth, Warwickshire, where he lives with his wife, Marion, and his three sons, Peter, nineteen, an art student; David, sixteen, a catering student; and seven-year-old Paul. He began his motoring career at fourteen—by driving a milk van through the fence of an army camp on Salisbury Plain while the roundsman was away making a delivery. He joined the Rover company in 1940 as a welfare officer, but gave up the desk job to demonstrate cars. When the Land-Rover made its début nine years ago Joyce was told to test the prototype. Looking for some rough ground, he chose the broken slopes which covered the firm's wartime air-raid shelters. Gradually he enlarged the test area into the present course.

Joyce hopes that one day he will be able to go on a foreign expedition himself, preferably to Africa in search of game. He has never seen a real jungle, or been abroad at all, but he finds some consolation in a remark made by a Burmese Army officer whom he took through his Warwickshire jungle one rainy day last November. "You could not have found a place more like a Burmese jungle," said the officer. "The only things missing are the animals." At Joyce's suggestion, his employers are now in touch with a London firm which supplies stuffed wild animals. THE END

Girl with a grudge

by ***ARTHUR MAYSE***

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

She had braved the sea's dangers with Dan. Now she had to find a different courage—to share her secret with him

It didn't help my temper when, after making a thirty-mile launch trip to run the Evanoes out of my Quanth River place, I couldn't find them. *They'll be skulking in the woods,* I thought as I clumped down the porch steps. *Watching me, the rascals, hoping I'll go away.*

I was in a mood to shoot, and a file of killer whales picked that time to come spike-finning across the river mouth. The leading bull was fair in my telescope sight when the Evanoe girl came flying down the hillside.

"No!" she called to me. "Don't, you fool."

The killer whale sounded. I waited while the girl crossed the ranch yard to me. She was tall, and she carried a part-full pail of wild blackberries. Her shirt and jeans were the faded blue that comes with hard scrubbing. There was no telling the colour of her hair because of the scarf she wore, but from her green eyes I guessed her to be a proper carrot-top.

"Now why shouldn't I have shot?" I asked her. I'd been expecting to deal with a man, and it left me considerably flummoxed, her pouncing down on me like that.

"Because Dan's out there," she told me. "That's why."

A rowing-boat had jogged round to our side of the cape. It sat small and alone on flat water the colour of skim milk. I flipped the cartridge out of my rifle chamber and squinted through the telescope at the man in the boat, bringing him close enough to make out his yellow head.

"If you were bothered about the bullet skipping——" I began, but she stopped me.

"I wasn't worried about that. Just don't shoot at those blackfish, Mr. Nelson."

"Since you know my name, young lady," I said to her, "I expect you know why I'm here. For ten years past I've hung on to this property while I ran the general store down at Blaze Harbour. Well, I've had my fill of storekeeping. I mean to raise beef cattle now, so I'm afraid you people will just have to move on."

It would have been easier had the girl given me an argument. But she only nodded.

"I'm sorry," I told her, and I was, in spite of my temper. It had brought back old times, seeing curtains at the windows again.

"We'll pay you rent for the two months we've been here," she said, "and be out by the end of the week. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll make coffee."

She had been crying. There were tear stains on her face. In a slow, tired gesture she slipped the scarf off her head. I stared at her. She was red-haired, right enough, but only down to the tips of her ears. The rest was greenish-black. "Land of glory, girl!" I burst out. "What in thunder have you done to yourself?"

She smiled, but only with her mouth. Her green eyes, the colour of inshore water, stayed sad. "I don't think you would be interested, Mr. Nelson," she said. "Will you have your coffee here or in the house?"

"Here," I told her. Our boys and our one daughter were born under that roof, and my Margaret passed away there. I didn't want to go into the house again for a spell. "And while you're about it, suppose you fetch out your scissors. Two colours may be fine for cars, but a piebald woman is against Nature. What's wrong with your husband that he lets you go about like that?"

"There's nothing wrong with Dan," she said. She was still studying me, and I had the feeling she was trying hard to reach some kind of a decision. But not about me; whatever it was, I was outside it.

The girl left me there. I leaned my shoulders against one of the fir stumps Margaret and I never did find time to burn out, thinking sourly about my fifty Herefords munching their heads off in leased pasture, away down the coast. I'm no softy; it would take a lot more than tear stains on a pretty girl's cheeks to make me let them stay. But there seemed no call to be unfriendly; and in spite of her awful topknot, this Mrs. Evanoe—she'd be nineteen or thereabouts—put me in mind of our own daughter, Judy, who eloped with the army sergeant in '43.

"What's your name?" I asked her, when I had her settled on a low stump with her coffee beside her and a towel around her shoulders.

"Margaret," she told me.

"They call you Peggy?" I'd addressed my Margaret so, although she'd never been partial to the name.

"Dan calls me Maya."

"He's a squarehead, I take it. Norske, or perhaps a Svenska boy?"

"Swedish," she said, a little stiffly.

I let it go at that, for fear she'd consider me a nosy old man, and set to work.

I was remembering the many times I'd cut our children's hair, one or other of them setting on this same stump, when I noticed the girl was crying again.

"Look, Maya," I said to her. "It's not that I want to put you off. But I need this place; I've got to have it."

She dabbed at her eyes with a corner of the towel and said in a low and troubled voice: "We'll find another place. It isn't that, Mr. Nelson."

"Well," I said, "if you need to tell someone, I'm a good listener. Only sit still, unless you want your ears docked, too."

It's an odd fact that people will spill things to a stranger which they've kept hidden even from their nearest. I didn't interrupt her with questions; and, anyway, there was no need. I could see it a lot more plainly than I wanted, the young girl alone in Vancouver, in more trouble than she knew how to carry.

The thing that tipped the balance wasn't having her marriage dissolved—the fellow she'd run off with proved to be a mother's boy whose family had influence and who didn't hesitate to use it—or even finding the firm she'd worked for didn't want her back. She travelled west by bus, taking her pride with her, and got an office job in Vancouver without difficulty. It was then she dyed her red hair; it seems she meant to close the book on her past life and her former self with a proper bang.

Even when she knew about the baby she asked no help. It was after he was born that her problems got the better of her.

She knew she couldn't keep him as a child ought to be kept, and the thought of signing adoption papers was worse than dying; so much worse that, when he was a little over six weeks old, she kissed him goodbye at the children's home and walked across the city to the bridge that spans the harbour entrance.

But height had always terrified her, and the thought of the long fall was too much for her. So she crossed the town again in the wet dusk, found a towing-company dock and stepped off it.

She couldn't swim, and she didn't try. The last thing she remembered was deciding that she would go to hell, but that hell mightn't be too bad a change from earth.

When she came out of it she wasn't in hell, or heaven, either. She was curled in the bottom of a rowing-boat with blankets round her, a big, black gumboot on either side of her and blue eyes smiling at her through a mass of bandages. She felt dreamy and calm, as if by walking off that wharf she'd reached a place outside her troubles.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked Dan Evanoe, not finding it at all strange to be sharing a small boat with a bandaged man she'd never seen before.

"To a good place," he answered her, speaking to her as one does to a sick child. "Only we go the long way round to get there."

She saw her coat and the jacket of her suit spread along the gunwales and wished in a drowsy way that this big, dumb ox had been bold enough to skin off her soaked skirt, too. She dozed and wakened and slept again, and between naps she talked with Dan Evanoe while the rowing-boat passed from the mud line of the Fraser River estuary to the blue of the Inside Passage.

She dished up a bunch of half-truths for him, about her parents being dead, and having no friends, and being unable to find a job. But she didn't tell him about her marriage, and least of all about her baby, for that was one grief she hadn't left in the deep water from which he'd dragged her.

Dan Evanoe asked no questions. At the end he nodded. "So you got nobody and nothing," he said. "Me neither, Maya. Only this little boat, which was my tender, a couple of dollars, and

Maya took the starboard line. This salmon came easily, straight towards the boat—as if the Devil was at its tail . . .

my licence for commercial fishing." The voice, coming slowly and kindly from the bandages, carried a gentle reproof. "Still, you don't catch me jumping off any dock."

"What happened to you?" she asked him, not really caring.

"A flash fire," he said. "Gas fumes exploded, my fine big boat burned. Another fishing boat brought me to hospital. Last night I just got up and walked out."

"What will you do?" she asked.

The bandages stirred to his grin. "Catch salmon. Make money. Build me another boat —a forty-footer this time, a vessel, a little ship. Then we go to the good place I've found."

"We?" she said, sleepy again, warm in the rough blankets.

"You and me, Maya," he said. "If you want. I think it will be better if we hook up. That way we don't need to be lonely."

"Suppose you tell me about this place of yours," she asked him indulgently. And he told her, the oars dipping, the tide chuckling against the rowing-boat's stem.

"To find it," he said, "we go north. Up through the Seymours, then across and along to the Quanth River mouth. There is a tree there that the eagles like. When the salmon run the eagles sit there, whole families together, Maya, with the sun on their white heads, and up where the river becomes fresh there is a farm nobody lives on and a little house. When we get there, I fix that house up nice for you."

She was too listless to laugh at the big fool. In her bad year she had built up a casing of bitterness and that, too, had survived the drowning water. She'd loved one boy and ended up hating him for a poor, weak ninny, and the hate had spread to all men everywhere. But she did change Dan Evanoe's dressings in the camp he rigged on a Gabriola Island beach, and he thanked her, although she made a blundering and clumsy job of it.

THEY ran Porlier Pass next morning in a cloud of gulls and with an escort of blackfish. The killer whales frightened Maya with their six-foot-high dorsals and their windy sighing, but Dan laughed at her fear.

"You are safer than in the city," he comforted her. "Much safer, Maya, here in this boat with me."

The weeks and the islands dropped astern—Galiano, Saltspring, the Penders, Discovery, where Dan Evanhoe shed his bandages at last. His few dollars, spent grudgingly at the steamer landings, bought them the coffee no Scandinavian can live without, and a little food. The beaches and Dan's two hand lines—all that remained of his fishing gear—provided the rest.

Late in May they drew down to the last of the Canadian islands, Little Kuno, near where the Inside Passage turns the corner to meet Juan de Fuca Strait. To the girl, numbed from many hours in the rowing-boat, Little Kuno seemed the ugly end of creation, but Dan Evanhoe was merrier than she'd ever seen him.

"Here we will make our start," he told her as they landed in a rain squall. "Here we really fish, not for food, Maya, but for money. This is where spring salmon off the Swiftsure cross over to America. He grinned like a boy who plans mischief. "I think we will fetch a few of those salmon back. . . ."

What he meant, of course, was poaching, and I said as much to Maya. I had shortened her hair from below her shoulders almost to her ears by this time. The dyed clippings lay thick around the stump and the sun had dropped into the alder tops across the river. The eagles had come to their tree, half a dozen of them, and their white heads shone in the late light.

"This Swede of yours," I said, "he certainly

Continued on page 30

Witney turns a steak on the grill. He says that the charcoal makes meat more tender

Cooking comes into the open

by CHARLES WAUGH

With his barbecue sets Lee Witney boosts out-of-door feasts, and teaches society to eat with the fingers

At a Sussex barbecue dance, chef Louis Claden roasts a pig. Barbecuing in Britain was revived during Coronation year, and manufacturers hope to sell more than 20,000 barbecues this summer

ON his way to London one June evening four years ago, Lee Witney, a tall, sad-faced American, stopped at a Sussex hotel. As he stepped out of his car, Witney inhaled the aroma of roasting meat.

A few moments later he traced it to a gay crowd happily munching chunks of lamb torn from the carcasses of half a dozen barbecued sheep.

Six costumed gauchos, the grooms for a visiting Argentinian polo team, presided over the barbecue. The visitors were returning hospitality in traditional South American style.

"Their English guests," Witney recalls, "were enjoying themselves so much tearing off strips of meat and eating them in their fingers that I decided to do something about it."

A barbecue enthusiast himself, Witney had recently imported a portable grill for the garden of his London home. He found a manufacturer willing to make barbecues, and the following summer Witney began selling them.

Four Royal palaces are now equipped with portable barbecues. Princess Margaret has commissioned a firm of silversmiths to make a set of the long-handled barbecue tongs, forks and spoons in sterling silver. And, thanks to the United States Air Force, thousands of Britons have sampled the distinctive flavour of meat cooked out of doors and basted with barbecue sauce.

Amateur chefs pride themselves on their sauce recipes and it is the use of sauce for basting that distinguishes American-style barbecuing from ordinary outdoor Boy Scout cooking. The other essentials are a charcoal fire and long-handled cooking utensils. Steaks and chops are cooked on a grill over the charcoal. Chickens, roasts and larger cuts of meat require a slowly revolving spit.

Although a barbecue can be anything from a hole in the ground to a brick or stone structure the size of a room, at least three British firms are producing portable models that can be carried in a car boot. Sales in Britain have doubled each year since 1954 and, if it is a good summer, the manufacturers expect to sell upwards of 20,000 barbecues. There is also a developing export trade to Africa, Australia and Canada.

Most barbecues are bought in the summer, but last Christmas one London shop sold sixty of Witney's Bar-b-cues. For families with garden space, a fireplace manufacturer has introduced a six-foot square brick barbecue that can be erected permanently or hired at a fee which includes building and dismantling.

"Outdoor eating," Witney says, "has always been popular in Britain. Now people are discovering the pleasure of outdoor cooking." He encountered one convert in the vegetable department of a London store, where she was trying to order charcoal. Witney offered his assistance. The woman explained that she and her husband liked barbecued food so much that they had built an open-sided room on to their Lincolnshire house so that they could cook outdoors in any sort of weather.

"I bought some charcoal from the chemist," she said, "but it doesn't seem to burn properly."

Witney decided that the chemist's charcoal was the small, fine grade intended for filtering

Texans in Britain mark their Independence Day with a barbecue. American amateur chefs take pride in making special sauces. One doctor with a secret recipe injects his sauce by syringe

Society hostesses often include a barbecue as a party attraction—indoors or in the garden

rather than burning. He named a Berkshire charcoal maker who specializes in barbecue fuel and, to supply her immediately, offered the woman a 14 lb. bag that he had in his car.

Barbecuing in Britain came back into favour during Coronation year, when several communities obtained permission to celebrate with a traditional ox roasting. Society hostesses and débutantes took up the custom and now the Barbecue Ball of the National Institute for the Deaf is an annual event.

Mrs. Olga Noble-Mathews, who organizes the ball, had to go to five London County Council departments to get permission for an indoor barbecue. To satisfy fire regulations, she had the Grosvenor House management substitute infra-red grills for the traditional charcoal.

"I wanted a charity ball that would be different," she says. "I had to do without open fires, but the sight of all the guests in full evening dress eating without knives and forks achieved my purpose."

This year the barbecue ball will take place in Torquay with a full-scale open-air barbecue on Midsummer Day. Knives and forks will not be used. "People," says Mrs. Noble-Mathews, "are becoming educated to eating without them."

At Fareham, Hants, last August, legal recognition for barbecuing was obtained when the local chamber of commerce asked for a special licence to serve drinks at an outdoor barbecue.

"A licence can be granted," said the magistrates' clerk, "if the occasion is a public dinner or public ball." The magistrates decided that a barbecue was a summer public ball and granted the licence.

It was the attraction of outdoor cooking that appealed to a Hampstead hostess, Mrs. Nicholas Kaye, when she planned a coming-out party last summer for her débutante daughter, Tessa.

The Kayes took up barbecuing after a friend brought a grill from New York. For Tessa's party Mrs. Kaye installed a portable grill of her own in the garden and cooked sausages on it. These were served as hot dogs in a "night club" appropriately named "Le Chien Chaud."

On summer evenings Mrs. Kaye frequently gives barbecue supper parties. "The only trouble," she says, "is getting the charcoal to burn. I cheat by using fire lighters."

Witney frowns on fire lighters because they may taint the meat. He recommends lighter fuel. It burns off quickly before the food is placed on the grill.

According to Witney, charcoal gives off infra-red rays that work on the meat, making it tender. At the same time, meat is melted off into the fire. "You lose all the fat," he says, "whereas when you fry you add fat."

Every time a doctor warns about the danger of fried food, Witney is delighted. In the United States these warnings have helped to build the barbecue industry into a £12,500,000 a year business. One American home in three has its own portable grill or fireplace.

On Saturday, May 18—Armed Forces Day—Britons living near United States Air Force bases had a taste of traditional American barbecuing when the Americans held open house. According to the Community Relations Branch of the American Third Air Force, barbecue suppers are one of the most effective means of promoting Anglo-American relations.

FROM Manston, Kent, to Holme-on-Spalding Moor, Yorkshire, American airmen barbecue both for their own pleasure and to entertain English visitors.

The 7532 Materiel Squadron, stationed in the old Denham film studios, near London, often gives barbecue demonstrations at local fêtes and festivals. Last September cooks from Denham barbecued 4,032 sausages at the two-day Willesden Show. At the Hertfordshire Festival of Youth, next month, they expect to serve six thousand visitors, including the Queen Mother.

So popular are these demonstrations that 7532 Squadron is swamped with invitations. To soften refusals, the squadron prepared a leaflet explaining how to satisfy two hundred people by barbecuing one hundred pounds of raw beef.

Suggested items include 1,000 lb. of oak or hickory for the fire; a ten-gallon pot for the sauce—made from onions, salt, vinegar, ketchup, mustard, brown sugar, black pepper—and a kitchen mop for basting.

Working on a smaller scale than the air force cooks, Lee Witney claims that he can grill two hundred steaks with fourteen pounds of charcoal. On his portable grill he can accommodate up to twenty-five fillets at a time and have them ready in less than fifteen minutes.

Sauce is applied while the meat is cooking to add flavour and to make the steaks more tender. "Ingredients for the sauce," Witney says, "are all the condiments normally found in an American kitchen."

In Dallas, Texas, Witney encountered a doctor who was so proud of his secret sauce recipe that he used an oversize syringe and injected the sauce into the steaks he was barbecuing.

Witney has his own formula: two cups of tomato juice, one teaspoon dry mustard, one tablespoon sugar, three tablespoons vinegar, two tablespoons horseradish, one tablespoon Worcester sauce, one-quarter cup grated onion, one clove garlic (finely chopped), one tablespoon tomato ketchup, two ounces butter or margarine, three-quarter teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon paprika, one-half teaspoon freshly ground pepper. He simmers the mixture gently for half an hour.

At fifty-four, Lee Earl Witney describes himself as a "G.I. war bridegroom." His father came from Witney, Oxfordshire, but Lee was born near Seattle, Washington, and came to Britain with the United States Army. While serving here he met his future wife. "He taught me how to cook," she says. They were married after his return to Britain in 1947.

"Now we often get invitations to dinner," says Mrs. Witney, "with the proviso that Lee brings his barbecue. The hostess supplies the meat and everyone gathers around while Lee prepares the meal."

Winter and summer, Witney barbecues every Saturday night at his Stanmore home. He cooks in the garden or, when it is raining, in the garage. On New Year's Eve, he prepared food for forty guests at a party given by one of his neighbours.

Witney had given the neighbour's teenage daughter a portable barbecue as a Christmas gift, and a week later came to show her how to operate it. He set up the grill outside, donned an apron, chef's cap and lemon yellow gauntlets and barbecued sausages at a rate equivalent to forty pounds an hour.

Working outside, there is no danger from charcoal fumes. Grills can be used indoors only where there is proper ventilation. One of Witney's friends, who broke this rule by trying to barbecue inside a small mews flat, ruined his party by almost asphyxiating his guests.

For another friend who lives in a flat, Witney found a safe method for indoor barbecuing. The flat has an unusual, old-fashioned coal range. Witney examined its flues and found a hidden overhead vent connected to the chimney. He installed a portable grill on top of the range, directly underneath this vent. The flat dwellers now barbecue in their own kitchen.

Witney always carries one of his own portable barbecues with the sack of charcoal in the boot of his car. The value of this precaution was demonstrated one evening when a local power failure threatened to ruin a dinner to which he had been invited.

He saved the situation by producing his barbecue, stoking up and carrying on with the cooking. THE END

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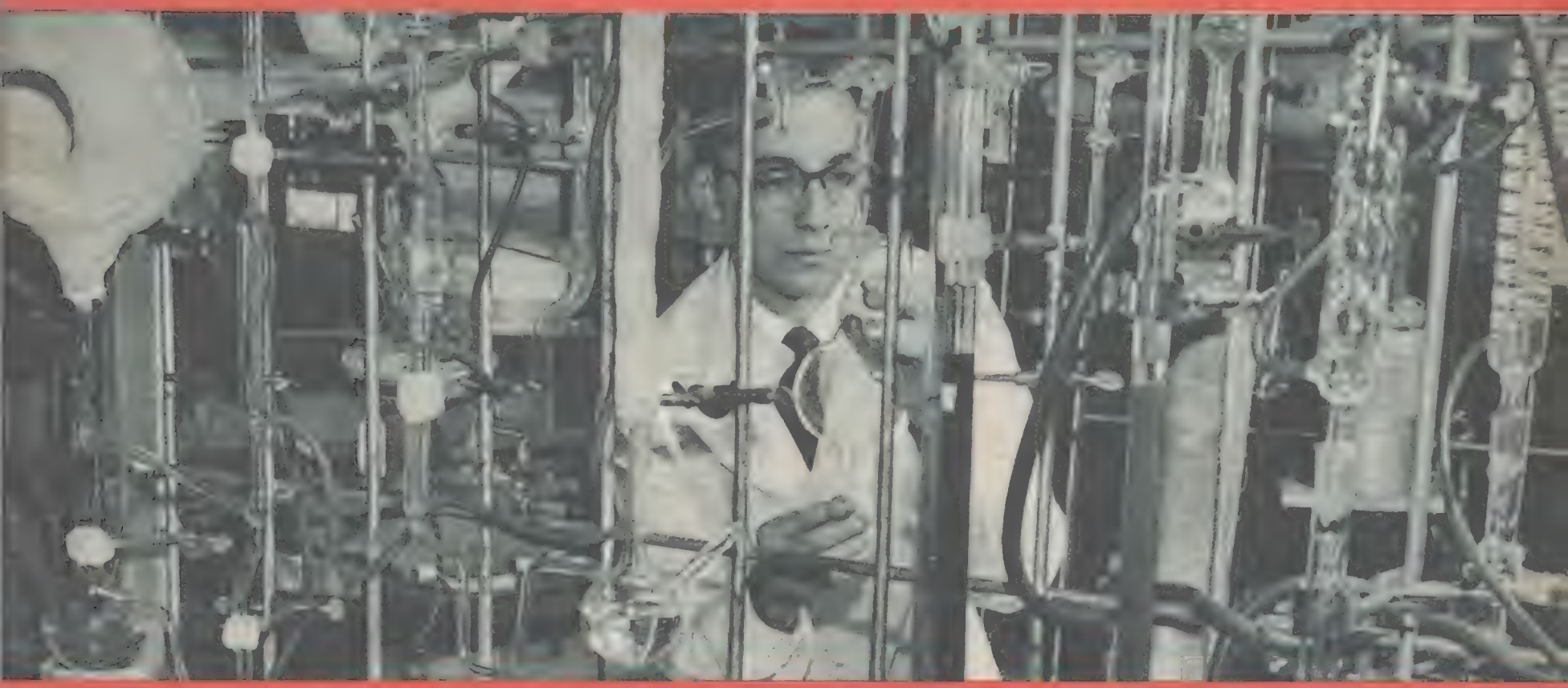
Is this how life began?

by DR. P. E. HODGSON

With a handful of gases and an electric shock, a young scientist has found a clue that may help to solve the world's greatest mystery



In a maze of laboratory apparatus, Dr. Stanley Miller, an American chemist, simulates conditions on earth millions of years ago

AT his laboratory in the University of Chicago, Dr. Stanley Miller, a young American chemist, has reproduced on a small scale some of the conditions which existed on earth millions of years ago. By doing so, he has opened up a new line of approach to the question: How did life on earth begin?

Miller knew that the most likely constituents of the atmosphere of primeval earth were hydrogen, water, methane and ammonia. If these are mixed together, nothing much happens; some active agent is needed to make them combine and to put them even on the first step towards the complicated chemicals which make up living things. One possible agent, thought Miller, might be the electricity in the fierce storms which may have raged in primitive times.

When he subjected the gases to severe electric shock treatment, they produced small quantities of the amino acids glycine and alanine.

Living organisms are made up of very complicated chemicals which, in turn, are made up of less complicated ones, such as the amino acids. By producing these acids from the very simple chemicals which, we can assume, existed in the primeval atmosphere of the earth, Miller has taken an important step forward. He has shown that these elementary chemical reactions may have been the unspectacular origin of evolutionary development.

His experiment was remarkably simple. He designed a glass apparatus which would pass a mixture of gases again and again through an electric discharge. If any complex chemicals were formed as the vapour passed through the discharge, they would collect in the bottom of the curved section of a glass tube.

When the liquid trapped in the curved section of the tube was removed and analysed, it was found to contain small quantities of glycine and alanine, and there were some indications of the presence of other chemicals. None of these was present at the beginning of the experiment, so they must have been produced during it.

The amino acids contain many atoms of carbon, oxygen and nitrogen, arranged in a characteristic way. All these atoms were present in the original mixture of gases, and in the electric discharge they must have been hurled together so that they combined to form the complicated but stable structures we call amino acids.

Since they were produced in conditions similar to those which probably existed in the primeval atmosphere of the earth, Miller's experiment is evidence for one of the processes which may have taken place in those days.

It would be an exaggeration to say that we now know how life originated. There are many baffling problems still to be solved. But scientists now have their teeth well into the problem. Recently another discovery has been made which indirectly confirms Miller's work. Ammonium acetate may have existed on earth in primitive times, and it has been found that, when it is exposed to atomic radiation, amino acids are formed. The point is that cosmic radiation, which probably showered on the earth then in much the same way as it does now, is essentially the same thing as atomic radiation.

We are so used to a world full of luxuriant vegetation and teeming with all forms of animal and insect life that it is difficult to imagine what it was like before such things came. The most plausible theories of the formation of the earth suggest that it began as a blob of molten rock hurled out of a youthful sun, or as an aggregate of cosmic dust. In either case, life as we know it would have been impossible.

Yet, in long aeons of time, on that earth the wilderness burst into flower and the seas gave birth to shoals of fish.

MILLER'S experiment provides a clue to how all this could have happened. To understand its importance, it is necessary to think of living things as ordered collections of continuously interacting molecular systems.

Atoms are the basic units. Those types of atoms most often found in living things are hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, carbon, iron and small amounts of many other elements. These are joined up in different ways to form molecules, and a large molecule can be composed of many thousands of individual atoms. The molecules, in turn, are arranged together to form the smallest unit of life, the cell. The cells are linked to form

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BEST FOOT FORWARD • 4

The Nazis take pity—and send me home

by COLIN HODGKINSON

My face was scarred, my tin legs damaged, and my eyesight almost ruined. How could I hope to fly a Spitfire again?

For ten months Colin was a prisoner. He spent part of the time in the dreaded Stalag Luft 3

On Colin's homecoming, Laddie Lucas told him to hurry if he wanted to fly again in the war

LEANING over my bed, the German colonel held the bedclothes high in his gloved hand and stared silently at my body. My sight was reduced to a single vitreous slit in my right eye, but he was close enough for me to see him in detail.

As I watched him his expression changed. It gave way to doubt, then wonder, finally settling for something that was not far removed from fear. He dropped the blankets, turned round and looked at me squarely for the first time. He had seen that I had no legs.

I had not lost them in the Spitfire crash that had brought me to this German military hospital in France. They had been amputated after a crash on a training flight while I was still a pupil pilot just before the war began. It had taken me many months to struggle back to life, and then to work my way back to flying, to become the only legless pilot other than Douglas Bader in the R.A.F. Bader had been my inspiration throughout.

My dream had been to fly a Spitfire against the enemy, and it had been fulfilled. Many times I had flown in combat. It was galling to think that it was not a German fighter but a minor fault in my own oxygen apparatus on a lone reconnaissance flight that had brought me crashing, into the hands of the enemy.

The German colonel could see, of course, that my legs had been lost not in that crash but long before. But my other wounds were recent.

I was a most unlovely sight. My upper jaw was fractured and internal lacerations, spreading from the right-hand corner of my mouth to the ear, had blown up my face like a balloon. The mottled swelling had pinched away my eyes; my lips were a crooked pout and a two days' growth of red bristle sprouted from my cheeks.

But it was not these injuries that interested the colonel. It was what he had seen under the blankets: my legs, or rather my lack of them. He bent forward, bringing his face closer to mine. The surface of his monocle reflected, minutely, the rectangle of barred window behind my bed. When he spoke his voice was sad, almost humble.

"Sie hassen die Deutschen sehr, nicht wahr?"

I nodded gravely at this gibberish: manifestly the wrong reaction. He straightened abruptly and his face came to attention. Someone gave a military shout, my four guards clicked their heels and the colonel marched stiffly from the room.

I looked at the German sister in bewilderment. She was an elderly woman, all in starched white, kind but cold. It was to her, perhaps, that I owed my life. She had told me in my first lucid moments where I was and why I was there—in a German military hospital in St. Omer, as a result of a "bad accident." I had sunk back into stupor, quite satisfied. But when next I emerged, I groped under the bed to find my legs. My hands swung through emptiness. They weren't there. The panic of that discovery had gone deeper than any pain.

Colin (right) was repatriated via Sweden

The appearance of this absurd colonel might provide the connecting thread for these incongruities. He had addressed me personally and urgently. I must know what he said. As usual, I turned to the sister: "What did he say?"

"The doctor said that you must hate the Germans very much," she said in her prim English.

"Why?"

"Because you fly against us without any legs."

The air raid sirens blew. My guards clattered out and went pounding down to the shelters. The sister, after a last pat on the pillows, followed them more sedately.

The barrage opened up and I thought luxuriously how pleasant it was to be under a pattern bombing raid and not to care a damn. I hadn't been shot down. My engine hadn't really failed. I was here, without my tin legs and with only half a face because a valve had failed or a screw come loose.

For me "the war was over," as my guards had so maddeningly insisted. I had crept out of it on a banal technical lapse. I lay in bed, cursed aloud, oblivious of the racket of bombs and guns, reliving the whole wretched incident.

My facial wounds were still open. The fracture of the right jaw had stiffened and the three teeth I had stoven in were suppurating. In

where he was greeted by sumptuous food, dazzling lights—and film star Marguerite Viby

addition, my right stump, which had apparently taken some punishment, was black and blue—and alarmingly swollen. All in all I was not a very bellicose prisoner when the Germans put me on a stretcher three days afterwards for the train journey to Frankfurt and its Dulag Luft, the reception and interrogation centre for captured Allied airmen.

When I arrived at Dulag Luft I was still pretty ill. I was taken to the hospital annexe, where they gave me a room to myself. Privacy was its principal advantage, for it was small, bare, gloomy and very cold. Here, for the first time in days, my facial wounds were cleaned and dressed. Then there was the interrogation.

It lasted four days. It took the usual police form of exhaustion by deprivation of food, sleep and—in my case—medical attention. That was the physical, softening-up attack. The psychological one was no less classic: *camaraderie* of fighting men, though enemies; nostalgia for home; the stupidity of war; political chicanery, and the well-worn trap of the interrogator professing to know more than he did.

Weak because still shocked, anxious about my festering mouth and jaw, and morally pestered by what I took to be the shame of my crash, I must have appeared easy meat to my inquisitors. And, in fact, I only just held on. If the full treatment had continued another day or two I don't know what I would have said. Anything at all. All and anything.

The *Sonderführers* and their staff at Dulag Luft believed that I had special knowledge. The aircraft I crashed in was a Spitfire Nine A, and this was the first example of that mark which they could connect with 501 Squadron. The Nine A might have been the missing piece of the jig-saw puzzle they were putting together, and they concentrated on it immediately.

"Please, just look at this Mr. Hodgkinson. Terrible, isn't it?"

"This" was a photograph of my Spitfire. It was certainly an impressive "prang," but I didn't think it such a bad crash landing for a semi-conscious man.

"We know all about you, Mr. Hodgkinson. You are in 501 Squadron and you were in 611 Squadron with Squadron Leader Charles. Isn't that so?"

"If you know," I said classically, "why the hell do you ask?"

"Just for the record. The Spitfire Nine A is a fine machine. Of course, our Focke-Wulf can outdive it. . . ."

The gambit sounds childish. But slipped in hour after hour, day after day, when you were tired, hungry, sleepy, bored, in pain, it pecked on the nerves like a dripping tap. Sleepy, above all. I had never been so sleepy in my life.

When I dozed off under interrogation the *Sonderführer* would leave me, only to return an hour later to shake me awake. His physical presence grew to be intolerable, an outrage. Finally, against all security instructions, I lied. I faked the name of our new C.O. I don't know whether this had some effect, or whether the Germans decided that they had gone as far as they could. At all events, I was suddenly, on the evening of the fourth day, left alone and then, and then only, allowed further medical attention—and my legs.

The left leg was more or less intact; the thigh portion of the right one had been badly dented in the crash, which accounted for my bruised and swollen stump. My fellow prisoners had done what they could to hammer out the dents but the bucket was still too small; my first effort to prise the stump in was rather like returning an inflated champagne cork to the bottle. But walk I had to if I were not to spend the rest of the time in Germany on my back, and when I was moved to a Luftwaffe hospital, a week later, I had attained a certain—if painful—degree of mobility.

The hospital, to my disgust, was well and truly in Frankfurt, a city which at that period seemed to have been chosen by the Allied Bomber Commands as their "target for tonight." The building was repeatedly shaken by near misses and, lying petrified in my basement ward, I had plenty of time and opportunity to reflect on the way circumstances altered cases.

I shared the small ward with three others: an American airman and two Englishmen. Of the Englishmen I remember nothing, except that they were polite and eager to help. The American, a tall Texan named Joe, has left a deeper impression. Joe really loathed the Germans, those "goddamned heinies" as he called them. When I and the others were cringing under the blankets as the bombs whistled down, Joe would stalk about exulting, his tanned adolescent face the very picture of joy.

"Jeez! men, listen to that. There's a big beautiful bomb! Listen to those cookies cascade! Get in bomb, and wham 'em!"

We had an attractive and efficient nurse, a straw blonde, bosomy fräulein called Else. Helping her was a young male nurse called Karl. Karl had lately arrived from the Russian theatre where, he told us, he had manned a gun on a Junkers 52 ambulance aircraft, whose white paint and red crosses were apparently no safeguard against attack by Soviet fighters. It might have been that this unpleasant experience had embittered him, for I have seldom come across a more odious young man. Vain, with the curly good looks of an apprentice lion-tamer, he had a *Herrenvolk* arrogance that took the form of disgusting and sometimes uncomfortable medical practical jokes. Thus, he would lard my stumps with irritant powder instead of talc.

"You lorf at me, Englischer pig," he would sneer at my excruciating cries for release, "I lorf at you. It is equal, so."

As a pleasant contrast to these fourth-form antics were the skill and consideration of my dentist, to whom I was taken every morning. He was a Bavarian—a tall, sad, iron-grey man. He told me at length and in fairly good French of his detestation of the Nazis, war, and all violence. He did a very good job on my mouth, extracting four teeth and taking infinite trouble in probing for and removing the last fragments of broken, rotting bone.

I was still far from well when they moved me at the end of January to another hospital. I was feverish, partially blind in my left eye, and my right stump fitted the broken bucket where it touched. But at least my mouth was healthy and my jaw in working order.

My destination was a small town sixty miles north of Frankfurt, where I was to have treatment for my eye. Armed with an American Red Cross parcel—a magnificent medley of pullover, underclothing, socks and, of course, toilet requisites to supply me for a year—I set off with a few Yanks and one English prisoner.

It was dark when we arrived. To my horror, the Germans had provided no transport. I tackled our senior guard, a fat and very disagreeable sergeant, telling him about my legs and explaining that, with me in the convoy, the journey would take longer than he had bargained for. But he grunted, "*Befehl ist Befehl*," orders were orders—and we marched out into the darkened village, a most awkward and unmilitary little squad.

The place we were bound for was scarcely two miles away, but our *feldwebel* missed the turning, leading us practically back to the station

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RAFFLES and the SHERRY BOWL DERBY

by *BARRY PEROWNE*

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

It was wrong that so much should depend on a single race. Somebody ought to put a stop to it

In the noon sunshine of a blazing Saturday, a polo match had just finished. The dust was subsiding on the field used by the Gibraltar garrison. Near a clump of eucalyptus trees, the only shade in sight, the players were dismounting from their lathered ponies. Among the players was A. J. Raffles. I walked across the field to have a word with him.

This field was at a village called Campamento, on the Spanish side of the frontier. The Gibraltar Skirmishers, for whom Raffles had been invited to play, were a mixed military and civilian side. The other team, called Los Bodegueros, was from the sherry town of Jerez.

Before the pavilion was a little gathering of Spanish ladies with mantillas and graceful fans, and of garrison ladies with sunshades. British officers were serving sherry to the ladies.

"Hallo, there, Bunny," Raffles called to me. A groom was leading away his mount, a biggish grey. "Notice that they're serving sherry over at the pavilion? The sherry's a gift from the old gentleman in the wheel-chair. See him?"

I saw that a wheel-chair had been pushed round in front of the pavilion by two most attractive girls, one dark-haired and obviously Spanish, the other amber-haired and obviously English. In the wheel-chair sat a leathery, handsome, hawk-nosed old gentleman with iron-grey sideburns.

"That," Raffles said softly, "is Bartholomew Finlay, owner of one of the great Jerez *bodegas*." He offered me a Sullivan from his cigarette case. "You may have noticed that in the match this morning there was one outstanding player on each side? For Los Bodegueros, the outstanding player was Roberto Finlay. For the Skirmishers, it was Alex Finlay. They're old Bart Finlay's adopted sons."

He touched a match to my cigarette. "In Gibraltar the other day," he went on, "I heard something that intrigued me. Bunny, Bart Finlay came to Spain as a boy of eighteen to study the art and mystery of sherry. He married a Spanish lady. From the small *solera* which was her dowry, he developed the delicious blends which have made his fortune. On the side he also made a great reputation as an amateur rider. He won many races in Spain and on Gibraltar racecourses."

He dipped his cigarette to the match flame in his cupped hands. "Bart and his lady had no children of their own so they adopted two boys. For love of Spain, they adopted a boy born in Jerez, orphan of a Spanish cavalry trooper. For love of England, they adopted a boy born in Gibraltar, orphan of an English cavalry trooper."

I nodded, watching the old gentleman in the wheel-chair before the pavilion.

"Bart's wife died," Raffles continued, "and in memory of her, he sponsored a five-furlong flat race, to be run annually on Gibraltar racecourse. The trophy is a golden bowl, and the race is known far and wide as the Sherry Bowl Derby."

Behind us, in the shade, the players were talking, the grooms hissing.

"Roberto and Alex," Raffles said, "under old Bart's eye, have developed into the two finest amateur riders south of Madrid. They're also first-class fellows. Now recently, Bunny, they've both got engaged. Roberto's engaged to a Spanish girl, Inez Molina, daughter of Don Luis Molina, a racehorse trainer with a place just up in the hills here. Alex is engaged to an English girl, Joan Roskelly, daughter of a London banker, Sir George Roskelly."

"Are those the girls," I asked, "the two talking to Mr. Finlay now?"

"Those are the girls," said Raffles. "Inez and Joan. Old Bart's delighted with them both. But there still remains just one thing in the world that old Bart wants to see Roberto or Alex pull off for him before he passes on. Neither of them has yet managed to put the Finlay name, as a winning rider, on the Finlay Sherry Bowl, though they've each been placed several times. Last year's race, I'm told, was a corker. Some British subaltern, on a horse called Lucky Lancer, nosed both Roberto and Alex out right on the post. And that's when old Bart, who was pretty wrought-up, made his mistake."

The polo field was shimmering in the white glare. Beyond, the wide bay sparkled. "Old

"You look troubled, Señorita Inez," R

Bart," Raffles said, "simply exploded. He thumped the arm of his wheel-chair. 'A touch of the spur,' he said. 'That's what they need. They'd have got the business between 'em, as equal partners, when I'm gone, but perhaps there's something to be said for a business having just *one* boss. Fetch those boys here. I'm going to tell them now that if one of 'em puts his name on the Bowl next year, he gets a majority interest in the *bodegas*, t'other gets a minority.'"

Raffles dropped his cigarette end and trod it out with a dusty riding-boot.

"So there it is, Bunny. The future of the *bodegas*, and of all the people involved, turns entirely on the result of the two-thirty race on Gibraltar racecourse next Saturday afternoon—the Sherry Bowl Derby. And——" He broke off sharply. "What the devil?"

We both looked over tensely at the pavilion. The echoes of the shot which had startled us

ffles said. She looked at him with the most beautiful brown eyes I ever had seen. "Ah, Señor Raffles," she said, "I want Roberto to win, but . . ."

volleyed in the arid hills. Then there galloped out between the goal posts a fine black horse with a rider in flying white robes, brandishing a long, archaic musket. The robed rider was a Moor.

In the centre of the field, he reined in his horse with a flourish that brought it up on its hind legs in a flurry of dust. Having thus riveted everyone's attention to him, he sat his horse motionless, veiled almost to the eyes in a swathe of his head-dress—a striking figure against the wide, blue bay.

"That's Juzeed the tipster, Raffles," one of the Skirmisher players said, walking over to us. He was a wiry, blue-eyed, sandy-haired chap, deeply tanned. "Mallam Juzeed. He's giving himself a little advertisement before the races in Gibraltar this afternoon. Juzeed's well-known in these parts. Comes from Tangier. Lives here at Campamento, now, in a shack in the hill."

Raffles introduced me. "This is Bunny Manders, Alex," he said. "Bunny—Alex Finlay." He added: "And here comes Roberto."

Old Bart Finlay's other adopted son was slender and dark, with fine eyes and a horseman's steely handclasp. With a glance towards the pavilion he said to Alex: "Looks as though the guv'nor is investing in Juzeed's five-bob sealed prophecy." I saw that the robed tipster, leaning down from his saddle, was handing an envelope to the old gentleman in the wheel-chair.

"Guv'nor's not going to the races this afternoon," Alex said. "He must have asked Juzeed for his special for the two-thirty next Saturday."

Over all the ground a queer hush had fallen. Looking across at the pavilion, I saw that the old man in the wheel-chair was opening the tipster's envelope. Under the eucalyptus trees, the ponies munched, and the crickets seethed dryly in the heat-shimmer.

The old man tucked the paper back into the envelope. I heard his voice clearly as he looked up with an impassive face at the veiled rider.

"*Gracias*, Juzeed," said Bartholomew Finlay.

The Moor raised his musket above his head, in salute, and cantered off to the village.

"Let's join the ladies," said Roberto Finlay.

"Let's," Alex Finlay agreed. "And, Raffles—you and Manders will be coming over tonight, to join the house party at the guv'nor's place, the Hacienda Ysabel. That's understood."

Half an hour later, when we were in a public-hire *coche*, jogging along the road to the frontier at La Linea, I asked Raffles who else would be staying at the Hacienda Ysabel.

"Joan Roskelly's staying there," Raffles said. "And so is her father, Sir George, who's come out from England with the horse which Alex'll be riding in the Sherry Bowl Derby."

"He'll be riding his future father-in-law's horse?" I said.

"Just so," said Raffles. "As a banker, Sir

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Richard Greene as Robin Hood. The actor is a competent bowman—but he refuses to perform publicly for fear of disillusioning admirers

Robin Hood strikes rich plunder

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

It pays Richard Greene to be an outlaw. The problem is, how to forget the rôle when he leaves the television studio

WATCHING the mayors of Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minnesota, at an archery contest last September, a tall, curly haired Englishman in green tights and leather jerkin felt his fingers itching. Suddenly the Englishman, who was making a personal appearance in America for a charity, seized a bow from the Mayor of St. Paul, fitted an arrow and let fly. The shaft struck the centre of the bull's-eye.

"It happens that way when I'm acting," says the bowman, Richard Marius Joseph Peter Greene. "Because I feel I am Robin Hood, I hit the target."

As 70 million people in England, Australia, Canada, Japan and the United States know, Richard Greene is television's Robin Hood. In England they watch him every week for thirty-nine weeks a year. Robin Hood is now a television hero, a dollar-earning export and, for Greene, a personal problem.

Although he draws more money for the part (about £1,000 a week) than the outlaw ever saw, Greene's dilemma is when to part company with Robin Hood. The rôle will provide him with income in royalties for the next ten years, but the price includes spending more time in tights than trousers, loss of leisure and the nagging possibility of becoming identified permanently as the man in Lincoln green.

For most of the year, Greene dons twelfth-century garb at eight in the morning and doesn't peel it off until six at night. He has followed this routine five days a week since February 14, 1955. By next March, he will have filmed 117 Robin Hood adventures.

"It's a bad thing to jump off a winning horse," Greene observed at the beginning of his third year as Robin Hood. Like most actors he has spent his life between soaring hopes and disappointment.

Before leaving Hollywood in 1953, Greene burst into a party at Romanoff's restaurant. In his hand he clutched a small bottle filled with a dark liquid.

"It's oil," he announced, "we've struck oil."

A few weeks later he regretted his burst of enthusiasm. The well, in which he had invested and which he helped to drill, began yielding salt water and had to be abandoned. Its behaviour resembled Greene's film hopes, which rose on several occasions only to fade away.

As a source of income, Robin Hood has proved a positive gusher. The films, made for £8,500 each, more than recover their cost in the United States, leaving the income from other countries as profit. English earnings are about £2,000 a week. In addition to Japanese, the adventures are to be translated into French, Danish and Swedish.

Greene always tries to leave Robin Hood in the studio. But at a dinner party not long ago he experienced the familiar sensation of the character gaining control of the actor. One of the guests was a woman falconer, and Greene found himself questioning her on Robin Hood's behalf. The result was another adventure in Sherwood Forest. A bold, bad baron sends up falcons to intercept the outlaws' pigeon post. Robin Hood, of course, outwits him. Greene wrote the script himself in his limited spare time.

The Falconer is Greene's first success as a screen writer, and compensation for some uncomfortable moments as Robin Hood.

Greene fears disillusioning any of Robin Hood's admirers, and confines his archery practice to deserted spots where no small boys are likely to see him. When the first television films were made, an assistant director cleared the set whenever the script called for an arrow to be shot. Greene has become a more than competent bowman, but he refuses all invitations to perform in public.

During Greene's American tour, a television commentator offered himself as a target for Robin Hood. "I will wear a suit of armour and put an apple on my head," he suggested. Greene declined the invitation.

Even without personal demonstrations, the Richard Greene-Robin Hood combination is credited with increasing American archery equipment sales by four hundred per cent. The sole exception in the United States is Irvington, New Jersey, where the activities of juvenile Robin Hoods led to a complete ban on bows and arrows.

News of the Irvington decision was a blow to Greene and the producers of the series, who have stressed Robin Hood's goodness in each of the seventy-eight films so far completed. According to the scripts, Robin Hood is always cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, reverent, trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, kind and courteous.

In a fight Robin is allowed to take on as many as three adversaries at a time, but never an improbable number like ten. Other girls may flirt with him, but Robin Hood has eyes only for Maid Marian. Younger fans frequently ask: "When are you going to marry her?" Robin's reply is a cautious "wait and see."

A similar situation seems to exist in the actor's personal life. His wife, actress Patricia Medina, divorced him in 1951. But the couple continue to see each other often enough to provide speculation regarding remarriage.

Greene took his ex-wife to the studio a few weeks ago and, with his arm around her waist, introduced the members of the cast. But, borrowing Robin Hood's caution, Greene says: "If there is a reconciliation, Miss Medina and I will be the first to know about it."

Out of deference to juvenile tastes, the Robin Hood-Maid Marian romance is conducted on chaste lines. Marian appears in nine out of thirteen adventures, but only rarely is she kissed. More romance has been added since audience surveys showed that in the United States fifty-seven per cent of Robin Hood's fans

Seventy-five American TV editors were met by Greene when they arrived in England. They came to see Robin Hood films shot

are adults. In this country the figure is sixty-five per cent.

Adults are attracted by the topical flavour in the films; Robin has helped refugees, rescued a scientist and supported a protest against imprisonment without trial.

This mature approach to the Robin Hood legend helped the sponsors to marshal a party of seventy-five American television editors for a visit to the studios at Walton-on-Thames where the series is produced. The group flew here for the express purpose of seeing the films shot.

For the benefit of the visitors, Greene fought the most vigorous duel in which he has ever engaged. The camera followed the swordsmen up and down ramparts, back and forth across the set.

"I know it was my best duel," Greene says, "because after it was over it was discovered that there was no film in the camera. We had to do the fight all over again."

IN addition to improving his skill with sword and bow, Robin Hood has also turned Greene into a first-rate horseman. Before the series started, Peter Seabourne, the director in charge of locations, made discreet inquiries into Greene's riding ability.

"I was assured that he was an experienced rider," Seabourne recalls. "But when I stepped outside I found Richard and a horse sprawling on the ground."

The horse had buckled under Greene's solid thirteen stone. Two sturdier steeds, Ruby and Priscilla, have since been obtained to carry Robin Hood across country.

Greene keeps fit with exercises in his dressing-room, working out at home two nights a week with a professional wrestler and, in the summer, on his yacht. Once a member of the late Humphrey Bogart's racing crew, he is an accomplished skipper who sometimes dreams of sailing his own boat around the world.

This season Greene will sail the Santander, a forty-three foot ocean racer, built for him at Cowes by Bob and Wally Clark. It has accommodation for six, and a twenty horsepower diesel engine to bring him back to port, if necessary, in time for his Monday morning appointments with Robin Hood.

When he was first offered the rôle of Robin Hood, Greene's initial reaction was to refuse. But once he had decided to make the first series of films, he began a study of twelfth-century England and all the available information about Robin Hood.

Normally, television films are sold on the basis of a sample or pilot film, which is shown to prospective sponsors. Hannah Weinstein, who produces Robin Hood, was so sure of eventual success that she went ahead without a pilot film. When the first films were completed she went to America and sold them.

Greene was born in Plymouth on August 25, 1918. His parents were both actors. After studying at the Cardinal Vaughan School, in Kensington, he went on the stage as a spear carrier in *Antony And Cleopatra* at London's New Theatre. From there he travelled to Scotland to join the Brandon Thomas Repertory Company at £3 a week.

Six months later he returned to London, where he played bit parts in films and posed for advertisements. His first break came in 1937 when several Hollywood companies bid for his services.

Greene was establishing himself in the United States when the war broke out. He returned to England and enlisted in September, 1940. While serving with the Royal Armoured Corps he appeared in several films and met his wife. They were married at Christmas, 1941.

When the war ended Greene returned to Hollywood. His original contract had several years to run, but it was finally terminated by mutual consent.

Greene came back to Britain in 1953 and the following year he was invited to make a career of Robin Hood. Now his fans send him several hundred letters a week.

Acting five days a week in a twelfth-century world of sheriffs, seneschals, scullions and serfs, Greene has absorbed some of the atmosphere. Not long ago he was explaining the arrangement whereby he gets a third of the profits from Robin Hood games, books and clothing that bear his name.

"Of course," said Greene, "I get royalties only from goods that are licensed. Anyone can make Robin Hood archery sets without paying a fee. And I don't get anything from those outlaws."

THE END

Bernadette O'Farrell has now given up the rôle of Maid Marian. With her here is The Highlander (Hugh MacDermott), and Robin Hood. The show's new Marian is Patricia Driscoll (below)

Hornblower and St. Elizabeth of Hungary

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slaver, could pack five hundred soldiers on board and feed them during a long passage.

"If Cambronne is going to take them back to France, I should do nothing to hinder him," said Hornblower. "Rather on the contrary."

"Exactly, My Lord."

Sharpe's grey eyes met Hornblower's in an expressionless stare. The presence of five hundred trained officers afloat in the Gulf of Mexico was very much the concern of the British Admiral commanding-in-chief, when the shores of the Gulf and of the Caribbean were in as much of a turmoil as at present.

Bolivar and the other Spanish American insurgents would pay a high price for their services in the present war. Or someone might be meditating the conquest of Hayti, or a piratical descent upon Havana. Any sort of filibustering expedition was possible. The actual Bourbon government in France might be looking for a pie in which to put a finger, a chance to snap up a colony and confront the English-speaking powers with a *fait accompli*.

"I'll keep my eye on them until they are safely out of the way," said Hornblower.

"I have called Your Lordship's attention officially to the matter," said Sharpe.

It would be one more drain upon Hornblower's limited resources for the policing of the Caribbean; he already was wondering which of his few craft he could detach to observe the Gulf Coast.

"And now, My Lord," said Sharpe, "it is my duty to discuss the details of Your Lordship's stay here in New Orleans. I have arranged a programme of official calls for Your Lordship. Does Your Lordship speak French?"

"Yes," said Hornblower, fighting down the urge to say: "My Lordship does."

"That is excellent, because French is commonly spoken among good society here. Your Lordship will of course be calling upon the naval authorities here, and upon the Governor. There is an evening reception planned for Your Lordship. My carriage is of course at Your Lordship's disposition."

"That is extremely kind of you, sir."

"No kindness at all My Lord. It is a great pleasure to me to assist in making Your Lordship's visit to New Orleans as enjoyable as possible. I have here a list of the prominent people Your Lordship will meet, along with brief notes regarding them. Perhaps it might be as well if I explain it to Your Lordship's flag lieutenant?"

"Certainly," said Hornblower. He was able now to relax his attention a little; Gerard was a good flag lieutenant and had supported his commander-in-chief very satisfactorily during the ten months that Hornblower had held command. He supplied some of the social flair that Hornblower was too indifferent to acquire. The business was rapidly settled.

"Very well then, My Lord," said Sharpe. "Now I can take my leave. I will have the pleasure of seeing Your Lordship again at the Governor's house."

"I am deeply obliged to you, sir. . . ."

This city of New Orleans was an enchanting place. Hornblower was bubbling internally with excitement at the prospect of exploring it. Nor was he the only man, as appeared as soon as Sharpe had taken his leave, when Lieutenant Harcourt, captain of the Crab, intercepted Hornblower on the quarter-deck.

"Pardon, My Lord," he said, saluting. "Are there any orders for me?"

There could be no doubt about what Harcourt had in mind. Forward of the mainmast most of the crew of Crab were congregated together, looking eagerly aft—in a tiny ship like this everyone was aware of everyone else's business, and discipline ran on lines different from those in a big ship.

"Can you trust your men to be steady on shore, Mr. Harcourt?" asked Hornblower.

"Yes, My Lord."

Hornblower looked forward again. The hands looked remarkably smart—they had been labouring on making new clothes for themselves all the way from Kingston, from the moment when it was announced that Crab would have the astonishing distinction of flying the Admiral's flag. They were wearing neat blue frock-jumpers and white ducks and shady straw hats; Hornblower saw their self-conscious poses as he glanced towards them—they knew perfectly well what was being discussed.

These were peacetime sailors, voluntarily enlisted. Hornblower had had twenty years of wartime service with pressed crews who could never be trusted not to desert, and even now he had consciously to adjust his mind to the change.

"If you could give me notice of when you intend to sail, sir—I mean My Lord—" said Harcourt.

"Until dawn tomorrow in any case," said Hornblower coming to a sudden decision; his day was full until then.

"Aye, aye, My Lord."

Would the grogshops of New Orleans waterfront be any different from the grogshops of Kingston or Port-of-Spain?

"Now perhaps I can have my breakfast, Mr. Gerard," said Hornblower. "Unless you have any objection?"

"Aye, aye, My Lord," answered Gerard, carefully ignoring the sarcasm. He had long learned that his admiral objected to nothing as much as having to be active before breakfast.

It was after breakfast that a coloured man came bearing on his head a basket of fruit which he handed in at the gangway at the moment when Hornblower was about to start off on his official round of calls.

"There's a note with it, My Lord," said Gerard. "Shall I open it?"

"Yes."

"It is from Mr. Sharpe," reported Gerard, after breaking the seal; and then, some seconds later: "I think you had better read this yourself, My Lord."

Hornblower took the thing impatiently to read it:

> My Lord,
>
> I have imposed upon myself the pleasure of sending some fruits to Your Lordship.
>
> It is my duty to inform Your Lordship that I have just received information that the freight which Count Cambronne brought out here from France, and which has been lying in bond in charge of the United States Customs services, will shortly be transferred by lighter through the agency of a bonded carrier to the Daring.
>
> As Your Lordship will of course understand, this is an indication that the Daring will be sailing soon. My information is that the amount of bonded freight is very considerable, and I am endeavouring to discover jn what it consists. Perhaps Your Lordship might from Your Lordship's coign of vantage find an opportunity of observing the nature of this freight.
>
> I am, with great respect,
> Your Lordship's humble and obedient servant,
> Cloudesley Sharpe,
> H.B.M.'s Consul-General at New Orleans.

Now what could Cambronne have possibly brought from France in large amount that could be legitimately needed for the purpose he had avowed when he chartered the Daring? Not personal effects, certainly. Not food or liquor—he could pick those up cheaply in New Orleans.

Then what? Warm weather clothing would be a possible explanation. Those Guardsmen might well need it when returning to France from the Gulf of Mexico. It was possible. But a French general, with five hundred men of the Imperial Guard at his disposal, would bear the closest watching when the Caribbean was in such a turmoil. It would be a great help to know what kind of freight he was shipping.

"Mr. Harcourt!"

"Sir—My Lord!"

"I would like your company in the cabin for a moment, if you please. . . ."

The young lieutenant stood at attention in the cabin, a little apprehensively waiting to hear what his admiral had to say.

"This isn't a reprimand, Mr. Harcourt," said Hornblower testily. "Not even an admonition."

"Thank you, My Lord," said Harcourt, relaxing.

Hornblower took him to the cabin window and pointed out through it, just as Sharpe had done previously. "That's the Daring," he said. "An ex-privateer, now under charter to a French general."

Harcourt looked his astonishment.

"That is the case," went on Hornblower. "And today she will be taking on some cargo out of bond. It will be brought round to her out of bond by lighter."

"Yes, My Lord."

"I want to know as much about that cargo as possible."

"Yes, My Lord."

"Naturally I do not want the world to know that I am interested. I want nobody to know unnecessarily."

"Yes, My Lord. I could use a telescope from here and see a good deal, with luck."

"Very true. You can take note of whether it is bales or boxes or bags. How many there are of each. From the tackle employed you can guess at the weights. You can do all that."

"Aye, aye, My Lord."

"Make careful note of all you see."

"Aye, aye, My Lord."

HORNBLOWER fixed his eyes on his youthful flag captain's face, trying to estimate his discretion. He remembered so well the emphatic words of the First Sea Lord regarding the necessity for the utmost tenderness regarding American susceptibilities. Hornblower decided the young man could be trusted.

"Now, Mr. Harcourt," he said. "Pay special attention to what I have to say. The more I know about that cargo the better. But don't go at it like a bull at a gate. Should an opportunity present itself for finding out what it is, you must seize upon it. I can't imagine what that opportunity may be, but opportunities come to those who are ready for them."

"I understand, My Lord."

"If the slightest hint of this gets out—if the Americans or the French get to know—you will be sorry you were ever born, Mr. Harcourt.

"Yes, My Lord."

"I've no use for a dashing young officer in this connection, Mr. Harcourt. I want someone with ingenuity, someone with cunning. You are sure you understand?"

"Yes, My Lord."

Hornblower at last took his eyes from Harcourt's face. He himself had been a dashing young officer once. Now he had far more sympathy than ever before with the older men who had entrusted him with enterprises. A senior officer had perforce to trust his juniors, while still carrying the ultimate responsibility.

"That is all, then, Mr. Harcourt."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Come on, Mr. Gerard. We're late already. . . ."

The upholstery of Mr. Sharpe's carriage was of green satin, and the carriage was admirably sprung, so that although it lurched and swayed over the uneven street surfaces, it did not jolt or jerk. Yet after five minutes of lurching and swaying—the carriage had been standing for some time in the hot May sun—Hornblower felt himself turning as green as the upholstery.

The Rue Royale, the Place d'Armes, the cathedral, received hardly a glance from him. He welcomed the halts despite the fact that each halt meant a formal meeting with strangers, the kind of meeting he disliked most heartily. He stood and gulped in the

STRANGE TALES OF THE SEA • 18

by Commander Douglas Duff

Unknown woman died in a frozen ship

IN 1775, the British whaling ship Greenland sighted a vessel locked fast in the ice well inside the Arctic Circle. The master of the Greenland, Captain Jones, headed a party which landed on the floes and managed to reach the stranded vessel.

When they climbed aboard, they found the whole crew present, frozen to death.

In the after-cabin, a young woman was crouched on the settee across the stern, her face rigid in a set smile.

Some of the officers were at the table, others were in their bunks. Down in the crew's quarters there was a similar scene.

But the last entry in the ship's log, still lying on the table, was dated November 14, 1762. Captain, officers, crew and the unknown woman, they had all been in the same positions for more than thirteen years.

It took nearly a century to cap that grisly record.

On September 22, 1860, Captain Brighton, in command of the British whaler-schooner Hope, was sailing in the Antarctic when his look-out on the cross-trees reported a ship locked in the ice.

Her sails, spars, yards and rigging were hanging smashed and she was encrusted in ice from bow to stern. It was piled high along her decks, encasing her forecastle, upper deck and short poop.

It took a boarding party from the Hope some time and much labour before they could clear a way to enable them to go below.

In the after-cabin, Captain Brighton found the ship's master. He was slumped forward in his chair, his shoulders on the open log book, his pen beside him just as he had finished making his last entry. This read:

"May 4, 1823. No food. For seventy-one days I have been alone. I am the only one aboard who is still alive."

For thirty-seven years, the dead captain had been alone in the ship, having buried all his shipmates as they died.

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humid air during the blessed moment between descending from the carriage and entering in under the ornate porticoes that stood to welcome him.

At the naval headquarters he drank an excellent Madeira; the general gave him a heavy Marsala; and at the Governor's mansion he was given a tall drink which had been iced—presumably with ice sent down during the winter from New England and preserved in an ice house until at midsummer it was more precious than gold.

The delicious, cold contents of that tumbler disappeared rapidly, and the tumbler was as rapidly refilled. He checked himself abruptly when he found himself talking a little too loudly and dogmatically regarding some point of trivial importance. He was glad to catch Gerard's eye and withdrew as gracefully as he could; he was also glad that Gerard seemed perfectly cool and sober and had charge of the card-case, dropping the necessary number of cards into the silver trays that the coloured butlers held out to receive them.

By the time he reached Sharpe's house, he was glad to see a friendly face—friendly even though it was only that morning that he had first set eyes on it.

"It is an hour before the guests are due to arrive, My Lord," said Sharpe. "Would Your Lordship care for a short rest?"

"I would indeed," said Hornblower.

Mr. Sharpe's house had a contrivance which merited much attention. It was a *douche* bath—Hornblower only knew the French name for it. It was in a corner of the bathroom, floored and walled with the most excellent teak; from the ceiling hung an apparatus of perforated zinc, and from this hung a bronze chain. When Hornblower stood under this apparatus and pulled the chain a deluge of delicious cold water came streaming down on him from some unseen reservoir above.

Hornblower stood under the raining water for a long time, reviving with every second. He made a mental note to install a similar contrivance at Smallbridge House if ever he found himself at home again.

A coloured valet in livery stood by with towels to save him from the re-heating exertion of drying himself, and while he was being dabbed a knock at the door heralded Gerard's entrance.

"I sent to the ship for a fresh shirt for you, My Lord," he said.

Gerard was really displaying intelligence; Hornblower put on the fresh shirt with gratitude, but it was with distaste that he tightened his stock and pulled on his heavy uniform coat again. He hung the red ribbon over his shoulder, adjusted his star, and was ready to face the next situation.

The darkness of evening was descending, but it had not brought much relief from the heat; on the contrary, the drawing-room of Mr. Sharpe's house was brightly lit with wax candles that made it feel like an oven.

Sharpe was awaiting him, wearing a black coat; his ruffled shirt made his bulky form appear larger than ever. Mrs. Sharpe, sweeping in in turquoise blue, was of much the same size; she curtsied deeply in response to Hornblower's bow when Sharpe presented him, and made him welcome to the house in a French whose soft tang rang pleasantly on Hornblower's ears.

"A little refreshment, My Lord?" asked Sharpe.

"Not at present, thank you, sir," said Hornblower, hastily.

"We are expecting twenty-eight guests besides Your Lordship and Mr. Gerard," said Sharpe. "Some of them Your Lordship already met during Your Lordship's official calls today. In addition there are. . . ."

Hornblower did his best to keep the list of names in his mind, with mental labels attached. Gerard, who came in and found himself a secluded chair, listened intently.

"And there will be Cambronne, of course," said Sharpe.

"Indeed?"

"I could hardly give a dinner party of this magnitude without inviting the most distinguished foreign visitor, after Your Lordship, present in this city."

"Of course not," agreed Hornblower.

Yet six years of peace had hardly stilled the prejudices established during twenty years of war; there was something a little unnatural about the prospect of meeting a French general on friendly terms, especially the late commander-in-chief of Bonaparte's Imperial Guard, and the meeting might be a little strained because Bonaparte was under lock and key in St. Helena and complaining bitterly about it.

"The French Consul-General will accompany him," said Sharpe. "And there will be the Dutch Consul-General, the Swedish. . . ."

The list seemed interminable; there was only just time to complete it before the first of the guests was announced. Substantial citizens and their substantial wives; the naval and military officers whom he had already met, and their ladies; the diplomatic officers; soon even that vast drawing-room was crowded, men bowing and women curtsying.

Hornblower straightened up from a bow to find Sharpe at his elbow again.

"I have the honour of making two distinguished figures acquainted with each other," Sharpe said, in French. "*Son Excellence* Rear Admiral milord Hornblower, *Chevalier de L'Ordre militaire du Bain. . . . Son Excellence le Lieutenant-General le Comte de Cambronne, Grand Cordon de la Légion d'Honneur.*"

Hornblower could not help being impressed, even at this moment, at the neat way in which Sharpe had evaded the thorny question of whom to introduce to whom, a French general and count and an English admiral and peer.

Cambronne was an immensely tall bean-pole of a man. Across one lean cheek and the beaky nose ran a purple scar—perhaps the wound he had received at Waterloo. He was wearing a blue uniform covered with gold lace, girt about with the watered red silk

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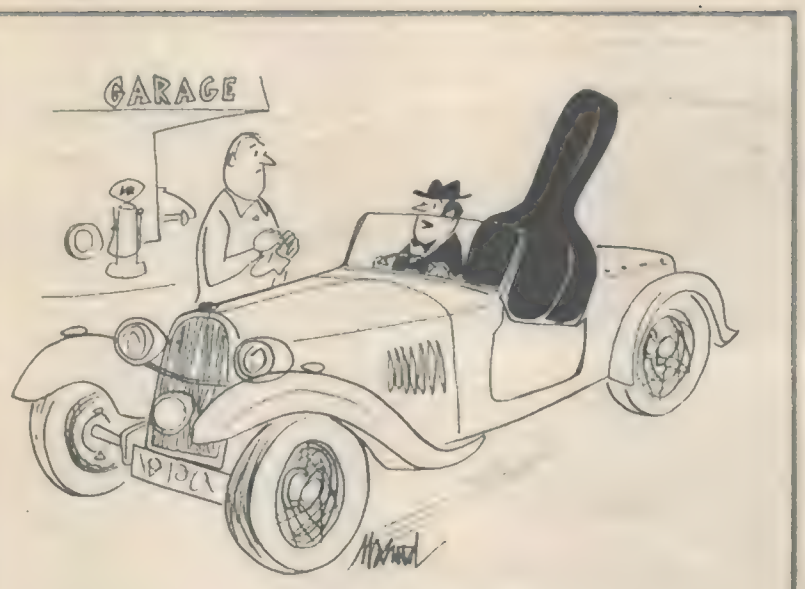

"The horn's flat"

ribbon of the Legion of Honour, a vast plaque of gold on his left breast.

"Enchanted to make your acquaintance, sir," said Hornblower in his best French.

"No more enchanted than I am to make yours, milord," replied Cambronne. He had a cold, greeny-grey eye with a twinkle in it: a cat's whisker moustache adorned his upper lip.

"The Baroness de Vautour," said Sharpe. "The Baron de Vautour, His Most Christian Majesty's Consul-General."

Hornblower bowed and said again that he was enchanted. His Most Christian Majesty was Louis XVIII of France, using the Papal title conferred on his house centuries earlier.

"The Count is being mischievous," said Vautour. He indicated Cambronne's star. "He is wearing the Grand Eagle, given him during the last régime. Officially the Grand Cordon has been substituted, as our host very properly said."

Vautour called attention to his own star, a more modest affair. Cambronne's displayed an immense eagle of gold, the badge of the now defunct French Empire.

"I won this on the field of battle," said Cambronne. . . .

It was some time before Hornblower had a breathing space, and could look round the pretty scene in the candlelight, with the uniforms and the broadcloth coats, the bare arms and shoulders of the women in their bright gowns and flashing jewellery, and the two Sharpes moving unobtrusively through the throng marshalling their guests in order of precedence.

The entrance of the Governor and his lady was the signal for the announcement of dinner.

The dining-room was as vast as the drawing-room; the table with covers for thirty-two stood comfortably in it with ample room all round for the numerous footmen. The candlelight was more subdued here, but it glittered impressively on the silver which crowded the long table.

Hornblower, seated between the Governor's lady and Mrs. Sharpe, reminded himself that he must be alert and careful regarding his table manners; it was more necessary to be alert because he had to speak French on one side of him and English on the other.

He looked dubiously at the six different wine glasses that stood at each place—the sherry was already being poured into the first of the glasses. He could see Cambronne seated between two pretty girls and obviously making himself pleasant to both of them. He did not look as if he had a care in the world; if he were meditating a filibustering expedition, it did not weigh very heavily on his mind.

A steaming plate of turtle soup, thick with gobbets of green fat; this was to be a dinner served in the Continental fashion which had come in after Waterloo, with no hodge-podge of dishes set out on the table for the guests to help themselves. He spooned cautiously at the hot soup, and applied himself to making small talk with his dinner partners.

Dish succeeded dish, and soon he had to face in the hot room the delicate question of etiquette as to whether it was more ungentlemanly to mop the sweat from his face or to leave it there, flowing and visible; his discomfort decided him in the end to mop, furtively.

Now Sharpe was catching his eye, and he had to rise to his feet, striving to make his stupefied brain work while the buzz of conversation died down.

He raised his glass. "The President of the United States," he said; he had been about to continue, idiotically: "Long may he reign." He checked himself with a jerk and went on: "Long may the great nation of which he is President enjoy prosperity and the international amity of which this gathering is symbolic."

The toast was drunk with acclaim, with nothing said about the fact that over half the continent Spaniards and Spanish Americans were busy killing each other. He sat down and mopped again.

Now Cambronne was on his feet. "His Britannic Majesty George the Fourth, King of Great Britain and Ireland."

The toast was drunk and now it was Hornblower's turn again, as evidenced by Sharpe's glance.

He stood up, glass in hand, and began a long list. "His Most Christian Majesty. His Most Catholic Majesty. His Most Faithful Majesty." That disposed of France and Spain and Portugal. "His Majesty the King of the Netherlands."

For the life of him he could not remember who came next. But Gerard caught his despairing eye and gave a significant jerk of his thumb.

"His Majesty the King of Sweden," gulped Hornblower. "His Majesty the King of Prussia."

A reassuring nod from Gerard told him that he had now included all the nations represented, and he plucked the rest of his speech out of the whirlpool of his mind.

"Long may their Majesties reign, in increasing honour and glory."

Well, that was over, and he could sit down again. But now the Governor was on his feet, speaking in rhetorical phrases, and it broke in upon Hornblower's dulled intelligence that his own health was the next to be drunk.

He tried to listen. He was aware of keen glances shot at him from around the table when the Governor alluded to the defence of this city of New Orleans from the "misguided hordes" who had assailed it in vain—the allusion was perhaps inevitable even though it was over six years since the battle—and he tried to force a smile.

At long last the Governor reached his end. "His Lordship Admiral Hornblower, and I couple with his name a toast to the British Navy."

Hornblower climbed back upon his

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feet as the approving murmur of the company died down.

"Thank you for this unexpected honour," he said, and gulped as he sought for further words. "And to have my name coupled with that of the great navy in which it has been my privilege to serve so long is an additional honour for which to thank you."

The ladies were all rising, now that he had sat down, and he stood again while they withdrew. The highly trained footmen swept the table clear of its accessories in a trice, and the men gathered to one end of the table as the decanter was put into circulation.

The glasses were filled as Sharpe brought one of the merchants present into the conversation with a question about the cotton crop. It was safe ground from which to make brief and cautious sorties upon the much more debatable ground of world conditions. But only a few minutes later the butler came in and murmured something to Sharpe, who turned to convey the news he brought to the French Consul-General.

Vautour rose to his feet with an expression of dismay. "Perhaps you will accept my excuses, sir," he said. "I much regret the necessity."

"No more than I regret it, Baron," said Sharpe. "I trust it is only a slight indisposition."

"I trust so," said Vautour.

"The Baroness finds herself indisposed," explained Sharpe to the company. "I am sure you gentlemen will all join me in hoping, as I said, that the indisposition is slight, and regretting that it involves the loss to us of the Baron's charming company."

There was a sympathetic murmur, and Vautour turned to Cambronne. "Shall I send back the carriage for you, Count?" he asked.

Cambronne pulled at his cat's-whisker moustache. "Perhaps it might be better if I came with you," he said. "Much as I regret leaving this delightful assembly."

The two Frenchmen took their leave, after polite farewells.

"It is a great pleasure having made your acquaintance, milord," said Cambronne, bowing to Hornblower. The stiffness of his bow was mitigated by the twinkle in his eye.

"It has been a profound experience to meet so distinguished a soldier of the late Empire," replied Hornblower.

The Frenchmen were escorted out of the room by Sharpe, voluble in his regrets.

"Your glasses need refilling, gentlemen," said Sharpe on his return.

There was nothing Hornblower disliked more than drinking large glasses of port in a hot and humid room. He was glad when Sharpe made the move to rejoin the ladies.

Somewhere within earshot of the drawing-room a string orchestra was playing, but luckily in a subdued manner, so that Hornblower was spared much of the irritation that he usually suffered when he was compelled to listen to music with his tone-deaf ear. He found himself sitting next to one of the pretty young women beside whom Cambronne had been sitting at dinner. In reply to her questions he was forced to admit that on this, his first day, he had seen almost nothing of the city of New Orleans, but the admission led to a discussion of other places he had visited.

Two cups of coffee, poured for him by a footman passing round the drawing-room, cleared his head a little; the young woman was attentive and listened well, and nodded sympathetically when the conversation revealed that Hornblower had left behind, at the call of duty, a wife and a ten-year-old son in England.

Gradually the night wore on, and at last the Governor and his lady rose to their feet and the party was over. There were the last few weary minutes of awkward conversation as the carriages were announced one by one, and then Sharpe returned to the drawing-room after escorting the last of the guests to the door.

"A successful evening, I fancy. I trust Your Lordship agrees with me," he said, and turned to his wife. "But I must ask you, my dear, to remember to reprimand Grover about the soufflé."

The entry of the butler with another murmured message prevented Mrs. Sharpe's reply.

"Your Lordship's pardon for a moment," said Sharpe. He wore an expression of dismay and hastened out of the room, leaving Hornblower and Gerard to begin polite words of thanks to his hostess for his pleasant evening.

"Cambronne's stolen a march on us" exclaimed Sharpe, returning with a rapid waddle. "Daring left her mooring three hours ago. Cambronne must have gone on board her the moment he left here." He swung round on his wife. "Was the baroness really ill?" he demanded of her.

"She seemed decidedly faint," replied Mrs. Sharpe.

"It must have been all a plant," said Sharpe. "She was acting. Cambronne put the Vautours up to it because he wanted a chance to get clear away."

"What do you think he means to do?" asked Hornblower.

"God knows. But I expect he was disconcerted by the arrival of a king's ship here. His leaving in this fashion means he's up to no good. San Domingo—Cartagena—where'll he take that Imperial Guard of his?"

"I'll get after him in any case," said Hornblower, rising to his feet.

"You'll find it hard to overtake him," said Sharpe—the fact that he said "you" and not "Your Lordship" was proof of his agitation. "He has taken two tugs—the Lightning and the Star—and with the new lighthouses on the river a galloping horse wouldn't overtake him before he reaches the pass. He'll be clear out to sea by daylight. I don't know if we can find a tug for you tonight in any case, My Lord."

"I'll start after him, all the same," said Hornblower.

"I've ordered the carriage round, My Lord," said Sharpe. "Forgive us, my dear, if we leave without ceremony."

Mrs. Sharpe received the hasty bows of the three men; the butler stood waiting with their hats; the carriage was at the door, and they scrambled in.

"Cambronne's bonded freight went on board at nightfall," said Sharpe. "My man is meeting me at your ship with his report."

"That may help us make up our minds," said Hornblower.

The carriage lurched along the pitch-dark streets.

"May I make a suggestion, My Lord?" asked Gerard.

"Yes. What is it?"

"Whatever scheme Cambronne has in mind, My Lord, Vautour is party to it. And he is a servant of the French Government."

"You're right. The Bourbons want a finger in every pie," agreed Sharpe, thoughtfully. "They take every opportunity to assert themselves. Anyone would think it was them that we beat at Waterloo and not Boney."

The sound of the horses' hoofs changed suddenly as the carriage reached the pier. They stopped, and Sharpe had the door open before the footman could leap down from the box.

"Wait," snapped Sharpe.

They almost ran along the pier to where the glimmer of a lamp revealed the gangway; the two hands of the anchor watch stood at attention in the darkness as they hastened on board.

"Mr. Harcourt!" shouted Hornblower as soon as his foot touched the deck; this was no time to stand on ceremony. There was a light in the companion and Harcourt was there.

"Here, My Lord."

Hornblower pushed his way into the after cabin.

"What's your report, Mr. Harcourt?"

"The Daring sailed at five bells in the first watch, My Lord," said Harcourt. "She had two tugs with her."

"I know. What else?"

"The lighter with the freight came alongside her early in the second dog-watch. Just after dark, My Lord."

A short, dark man came unobtrusively into the cabin as he spoke, and remained in the background.

"Well?"

"This gentleman whom Mr. Sharpe sent kept watch as well as me on what they took on board, My Lord."

"What was it?"

"I kept count as they swayed it up, My Lord. They had lights in the mizzen stay."

"Well?"

Harcourt had a piece of paper in his hand, and he proceeded to read out from it: "There were twenty-five wooden cases, My Lord." Harcourt went on just in time to forestall an exasperated exclamation from Hornblower: "I recognized those cases, My Lord. They are the usual ones in which muskets are shipped, twenty-four stand of arms in each case."

"Six hundred muskets and bayonets," put in Gerard, calculating rapidly.

"I guessed as much," said Sharpe.

"What else?" demanded Hornblower.

"There were twelve large bales, My Lord. Oblong ones, and twenty other bales, long narrow ones."

"Couldn't you guess——"

"Would you hear the report of the hand I sent, My Lord?"

"Very well."

"Come down here, Jones," yelled Harcourt up the companion, and then turned back to Hornblower. "Jones is a good swimmer, My Lord. I sent him and another hand off in the quarter-boat; and Jones swam to the lighter. Tell His Lordship what you found, Jones."

Jones was a skinny, stunted young man, who came in blinking at the lights, ill at ease in this distinguished company. When he opened his mouth he spoke with the accent of Seven Dials.

"Uniforms, they was, in them big bales, sir."

"How do you know?"

"I swum to the side of the lighter, sir. I could reach over an' feel 'em, sir."

"Did anyone see you?" This was from Sharpe.

"No, sir. No one didn't see me at all, sir. They was all busy swayin' up the cases. Uniforms, they was, in the bales, like I said, sir. What I could feel through the sacking was buttons, sir. Not flat buttons, like yours, sir. Round buttons, like bullets, sir, rows of 'em, on each coat. An' I thought I could feel hembroidery, too, gold lace, p'raps, sir. Uniforms they was, sir, I'm sure of it."

The dark man came forward at this moment; in his hands was a limp something that looked like a drowned black cat. Jones pointed to the object before he went on.

"I couldn't guess for the life of me what was in the other bales, sir, the long ones. So I outs with my knife——"

"You're sure no one saw you?" asked Sharpe.

"Certain sure, sir. I outs with my knife an' cuts the stitching at the end. They'll think it come apart in the handlin', sir. An' I takes the end one out an' I swims with it back to the quarter-boat, sir."

The dark man held it forward for inspection, and Hornblower took it gingerly, a black, soggy, wet mass of hair; but his fingers encountered metal as he turned it in his hands.

"Heagles, sir," said Jones.

There was a brass chain and a big brass badge—the same displayed eagle as he had seen that evening on Cambronne's chest. What he held in his hands was a bearskin uniform cap, soaked with its recent immersion, and adorned with the brass finery.

"Is that what the Imperial Guard wore, My Lord?" suggested Gerard.

"Yes," said Hornblower.

He had seen prints for sale often enough purporting to illustrate the last stand of the Guard at Waterloo. In London now the Guards sported bearskin caps not unlike this that he held in his hand; they had been awarded to the Guards in recognition of their overthrow of the Imperial Guard at the crisis of the battle.

"Then we know all we need to know," said Sharpe.

"I must try and catch him," said Hornblower. "Call all hands, Mr. Harcourt."

"Aye, aye, My Lord."

After the automatic reply Harcourt opened his mouth again to speak, but he could make no sound come from it.

"I remember," said Hornblower, his cup of unhappiness filling to the brim. "I said I would not need the hands before morning."

To be continued next week

Your Garden and Mine

by PERCY THROWER

HERE is an easy way of getting a good show of indoor petunias next year.

Before the frost comes this autumn, select the best of your bedding plants and cut it down to about three inches. Then plant it in a five-inch pot.

During the winter, to prevent drying out, give it an occasional drink of slightly warm water. In early March, bring the pot into a warmer room and water it more frequently. When shoots appear on the stem, rub out all but four or five of the strongest. The plant will grow up to eighteen inches high. I have had as many as twenty-four flowers on one plant at the same time.—H. H. MORRIS, Willoughby Waterless, Leics.

I have found it better to "collar" celery than to earth it. Use roofing felt which is quite cheap and can be used for many years. Collaring is less laborious and bleaches the plants without dirtying them.—F. HART, Checkendon, near Reading.

PERCY THROWER says: The petunia is one of the bedding plants normally grown as an annual, although strictly speaking it is a perennial. By cutting down and potting, it would be possible to keep the plant through the winter.

Quite often, second year plants flower more profusely than they did in their first year, particularly salvias, lobelia and fibrous-rooted begonias.

Brown paper is used by many gardeners to bleach celery, but many thicknesses are necessary. Slugs will get through damp paper but they would not penetrate roofing felt.

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Girl with a grudge

Continued from page 13

doesn't hold with property rights. I know those waters. The United States Coastguard watches them. It's a wonder you didn't get nabbed."

"We did," the girl said.

She told me how she had learned to pull at the oars and help in the camp work. But Dan Evanoe continued to mean no more to her than he had on the first day. He treated her with a gentleness and a respect that she once would have found touching. She knew the boy was in love with her, but he never laid a hand on her, except maybe to help her over a weed-slippery beach or to steady her when they changed positions in the boat.

On Little Kuno—the island he'd come to, half blind from his gutted fishing boat—he shored up a shack used long ago by Japanese cod fishermen, beachcombed an oil drum for a heater and fitted a stove pipe.

"Marry me now, Maya," he said to her huskily, after he had finished his work. "Across at Shell Cove is a preacher. Pretty soon, an hour or so, the tide wind dies——"

She stopped him with a smile. "Looking like this?" she said lightly. "In these rags, Dan?" She thought, cynically, of telling him about the baby in the home in Vancouver, but the hurt was still there, and she couldn't turn that grief to her purpose. Instead she touched a hand to her dyed hair, now auburn for an inch from the roots. "You mightn't like it, marrying a brunette and having her turn into a redhead. Wait till my hair grows out."

He took it as a promise, the foolish man, and left the matter there, leaving her to sleep alone in the shack and rigging his leaky tarpaulin as a shelter for himself. . . .

The strait off Little Kuno isn't small-boat water, and the salmon that travel through are heavy and wild; strong fish to be handled from a powered boat with motor-driven spools and steel wire. Dan's cotton lines cut even his tough palms, but they caught fish, he and Maya slipping out at dawn to a bank where seaweed streamed in a churning tide. The Canadian buyer north at Shell Cove didn't inquire where those thirty- and forty-pounders came from.

There were other boats, big, well-found American vessels out of the San Juans and the Olympic ports. But Dan Evanoe kept his distance, and if one of those others fished a near course there was always a fog patch to ease into, or shoal water where a deep-drawing hull couldn't follow.

He talked a lot about the good place up the coast and about the boat he planned to build, even going so far as to lay out sketches on brown paper. The wallet he carried so carelessly in his hip pocket grew fat; the girl watched their savings grow, and one day, at Shell Cove, in mid-June she shook free of Dan Evanoe long enough to buy a steamer ticket with what she'd scrimped together from their housekeeping money.

As she saw it, the picnic was over. Dan Evanoe might get to his upcoast river with its treeful of eagles and tumbledown farmhouse, or he might wind up in an American jail. Either way, she didn't care. For herself, she had an inland town already picked, where she'd find a job and build a life of sorts again.

On a Friday morning—the steamer called at Shell Cove on Saturdays—she eased Dan's wallet out of his dungarees while he lay asleep in his lean-to. She took the few dollars she thought she'd need, buttoned the notes into her shirt and replaced the wallet. Then she got breakfast and woke Dan, and they pulled out to the kelp reef. . . .

Maya heard the killer whales before she saw them. The sound of their blowing drifted out of fog that stretched, woolly white, from the American shore. Dan scowled, afraid the killers would spoil his fishing, but got his lines over and settled to row at the plodding pace which he could hold for twenty-four hours at a stretch if need be.

They heard horns several times, and once the booter of some larger vessel. Dan listened with his head cocked; if the coastguard happened to be nosing around they could be into the fog in seconds. But when the hooter next sounded it was farther away—and right then a fish hit on the starboard line.

Maya took it. This salmon came easily, straight towards the boat—as if the devil was at its tail. Maya had worked perhaps ten yards of line inboard when she turned to look at Dan's face, and the sudden widening of his eyes warned her. She saw a fin, thin and high, knifing the tide with a foam ruffle at its base. Under it she imagined rather than saw the black torpedo bulk.

Her salmon lunged violently, up to the surface and through it. There was a commotion greater than any tide boil. The line burned across her palms, caught in the gunwale and finally snapped.

Dan Evanoe's face reddened and he shook a fist, cursing heartily in Swedish.

"The thief!" he exploded. "You see that, Maya? A thirty-pound spring salmon and he takes it at a bite. If I had a rifle——"

The girl shuddered. She'd seen all right. That glimpse of a wicked eye and peg teeth set in rows, of that evil, thirty-foot length, had been more than sufficient.

"I want to go in," she said, in a voice that wobbled in spite of herself. "Please, Dan, let's go in."

But Dan Evanoe shook his head. "We have another line," he said stubbornly. "Maybe that bull steals a fish or two, but he won't hurt people in a boat. I've seen many killer whales, Maya. You take my word for it."

He began fishing with the other line. In the next hour, with the tide on the turn and fog still hanging off the bank, they took three good salmon. They heard the hooter a few times, but never dangerously close. Once the rapid slamming of a rifle came to them, flattened by fog, and Dan chuckled at the sound.

"Someone else has blackfish trouble," he said. "I think, with a few bullets in him, that damned robber of a bull will now clear out."

Their next salmon was too heavy for quick hauling, a slow and powerful brute that took line in lazy surges, towing the rowing-boat, hogging his way along the bottom.

"Sixty pounds," Dan Evanoe said, standing with feet wide-braced. "Maybe seventy, or even eighty." His teeth flashed white and the waking breeze stirred his blond hair.

Then there was a disturbance of the sea off their port quarter. The wounded killer bull was rushing towards them. He sounded, then surfaced and rolled, throwing himself half out of water in the turmoil of his own making, while the bloody mist of his blowing hung in air. His dorsal fin chopped the sea, rising taller than Dan Evanoe's head, driving towards them. Screaming, the girl saw Dan yank out his belt knife, slash the taut line and grab an oar.

The boat heeled to Dan's single, violent thrust with the oar. Then the killer shouldered along it, tossing it as if it were a chip. Shocked beyond terror, Maya saw gear flying in a whirl of red spray. One of the whale's flukes struck beside her with a cracking impact. She heard Dan shout as the sea closed over her.

It was different this time. She wanted to live, and she struggled for life against the weight of boots and clothing, gulping water, then air, then water again. A dim shape bumped past her—the blackfish, she thought dazedly, in for the kill. Then her face was clear and she floated with Dan Evanoe's arm crooked under her chin.

Half-drowned though she was, she had the sense not to struggle. Dan towed her, swimming with her towards the thick seaweed that streamed in two-fathom water. The spike fin towered behind them, closing them fast, but Dan clawed them deep and still deeper into the kelp.

At the edge of the reef the killer veered away. They hung in the slithery mat of bulbs and leaves. For the moment they were safe, but their swamped boat bobbed far down the tide, and the water was killing cold.

The girl heard Dan's voice hoarse in her ear. She swung her head and saw more blood than water on his face.

"Hang on, Maya," he gasped at her. "Yell loud. Someone will hear." He was trying to smile at her. "So we don't get to my good place, after all." She felt the strength slack out of him, and clamped her fist in his hair, fighting to hold him while she screamed for help that wouldn't come.

But it did come. She heard the hooter, sudden and near. The bows of a vessel appeared out of the fog. A voice answered her with a shouted, "Stand by!" and a lifebelt with a line attached to it splashed into the kelp. . . .

The girl's scissors were blunt, and what with that and listening with my mind only half on my work, I nicked her ear. She said, "Ouch!" and swivelled around on the stump.

"All right, all right," I told her. "If you want a professional job, go to one of those beauty parlours. . . . So it was the devil or the deep, blue sea, eh? And the United States Coastguard got you."

"Yes," she said, "they got us, Mr. Nelson. They patched the cut on Dan's head. They gave us hot coffee and recovered our boat. Then they let us go."

"I don't believe it," I said.

"I couldn't believe it either."

Perhaps it was just because the evidence of poaching, their fish and fishing gear, had gone over the side when the killer whale capsized them. Or it could be—although one doesn't look for soft-headedness in official circles—that the coastguard chief who skippered that vessel had kids of his own.

Be that as it may, he chose to look on it as a simple case of shipwreck and distress. He turned them loose in their battered rowing-boat, with a bawling-out to speed them home to Canada. . . .

"Better if he'd taken us to jail," Dan Evanoe mumbled. He rowed steadily and easily as always, but his

The Roadside Owl

by WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

Three times I've seen this barn owl perch
On a concrete post in the morning sun,
Yet many a soul for a year might search
Up and down the road without finding one,

Or not like this, growing up and from
A harsh grey prop; so wooden and wise,
With his brown beak hard as the stone of a plum
And a nonchalant glint in his lawless eyes.

After a slaughterous midnight of mice,
With routine flights to his clamorous nest,
He ruminates now, with his claws like a vice
Clutching the concrete, taking his rest.

Gazing unmoved at me as I pass;
Mentally hooting, not daring to doze;
He must know that he's in the "protected" class,
So he takes full advantage I suppose.

"... And you'd better make it a fairly large portion—it's for a table by the window"

voice was as dull as his eyes. Something had gone out of the big fellow, as if the courage had drained from him along with the pint of blood he'd shed. "My wallet is lost, Maya. I put it in our tackle box as I usually do when I'm in the boat. It is sunk with the rest of our gear; we have less even than we started with."

The glance he gave her was shamed and miserable. "I will take you to Shell Cove," he said. "Maybe you find a job there. You don't get anywhere, hooked up with a clown like me, a stumble-foot that bad luck follows."

She huddled in the sternsheets, her hair still stringy from the wetting. Always, in their weeks together, Dan Evanoe had been the strong one. She'd leaned on him and drawn on his strength while nursing her own bitterness, and to see him like this was like having a knife twisted in her vitals.

Something happened to the girl then, or maybe it had been happening for quite some time and she'd just now come to know it. She put her hands on the fists that gripped the oars and, kneeling on the bottom boards, kissed Dan on the mouth.

"We've lost nothing," she told him. "Nothing we can't spare. You made me a promise and you'll keep it, Dan Evanoe. We're going to your good place."

"In what?" He jerked his head at the boat bottom, where water seeped ankle deep through started planks. "In a busted rowing-boat, Maya? Two hundred miles?"

"In a busted rowing-boat, Dan," she told him, seeing the smile wake on his scarred face and the life come back to his eyes. "Only first you'll put in at Shell Cove and marry me. . . ."

I whisked the towel off her shoulders and shook it out.

"Finished," I said to her, "and quite an improvement, although I say it as shouldn't. I still can't see why you didn't take these shears to yourself long ago."

"I made a bargain with myself," Maya said. "I decided that when it grew out I'd tell Dan about my baby."

"Well," I said, standing behind her, looking down at her bright head, "now's the time."

"I'm scared," she said, so softly that I could hardly hear her. "Just plain scared. I love him so much, and it might make him—he might feel differently about me." She turned and lifted her tear-marked face. "Please, Mr. Nelson. What should I do?"

The rowing-boat was well into the river mouth, shoving up against the current. I could make out Dan Evanoe's wide shoulders and yellow head without the help of any rifle telescope. And down there, on the river's edge, I could see the framework of a boat, a forty-foot skeleton of ribs and keel.

"I'm not the Almighty," I said, "I can't settle anything for you, young woman. Depends somewhat on how you feel about that child. If you don't want him——"

"But I do," she cried at me. "Oh, I do."

"Then you get yourself up off that stump," I told her, speaking to her as if she were my own daughter. "You just take yourself down there and tell him."

She went down the trail slowly. I watched while Dan Evanoe tied up. The thing I remembered most is that the boy had a hat in his hand, and that it looked brand new.

He stood quietly staring at Maya while she spoke her piece. Then he roared out a laugh fit to chase the eagles from their tree, and skimmed that new hat halfway across the river, and swung the girl off the planking into his arms. . . .

I've said it before and I'll say it again, so that nobody gets any wrong ideas. I'm no softy, not one of those like that coastguard skipper who'd catch a couple of poachers and turn them loose. My Herefords are out there in Quanth River valley this very minute. Between seasons the Evanoes help me with them by way of payment on the mortgage I gave that pair.

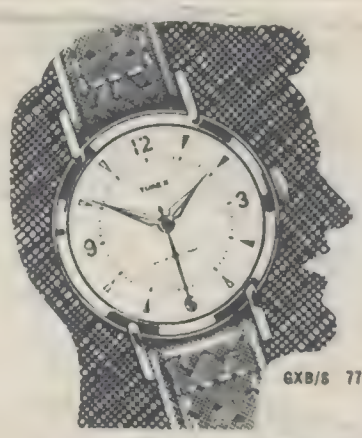
I've fixed myself living quarters in the barn, and when the children come pestering around, as they do all the time, I'm really strict with them. Only the other day I told young Danny—and you can bet he knows I mean it—that if I once more catch him lifting my gun off the pegs he won't go deer hunting with me next season.

THE END

FORTUNE—2

I don't believe in circumstances. The people who get on in this world are the people who get up and look for the circumstances they want.

G. B. Shaw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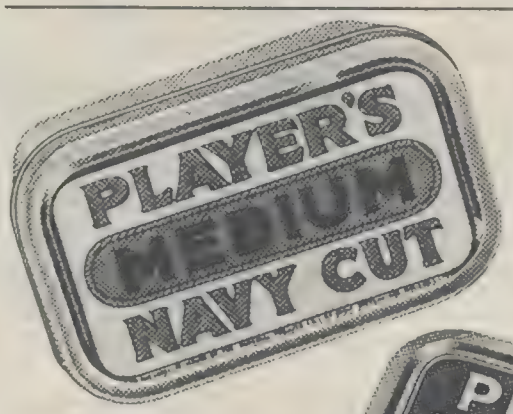

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[NCT 98Y]

Raffles and the Sherry Bowl Derby

Continued from page 21

George disapproves of racing but his natural instinct—as a banker—is to reduce the hazards in his daughter's future as far as possible. So he's brought out from England, for Alex to ride, a horse called Master Primrose. It's now in the hands of a Gibraltarian trainer, a Mr. Abremis, who trains at Campamento."

Dust floated in on us. The *coche* trundled along over potholes. Beneath a low parapet that edged the road on the right, the lazy sea sucked and sweltered, dazzling.

"Are Roberto and Inez in Mr. Finlay's house party?" I asked.

"No," Raffles said. "Inez lives with her father, Don Luis, and Roberto's staying there with them because the horse he'll be riding in the Sherry Bowl race—a Spanish horse called San Roque—is owned and trained by Don Luis. He's had a succession of bad seasons, I hear, and badly needs to win with San Roque."

"So each of the brothers by adoption, Roberto and Alex," I said thoughtfully, "will be riding the horse of his future father-in-law."

I was still meditating on the potentialities of the situation when I saw that we had reached the frontier. We had become jammed in a race-day queue of vehicles and riders inching along in the blinding sunshine towards the archway through a square, white building, the *Aduana* or customs house, which flew the Spanish flag.

We paid off our driver and proceeded, afoot, to the head of the queue. Here the outlandish figure of the tipster, Mallam Juzeed, swathed almost to the eyes in his flowing white robes, was entering the arch on his fine black horse. Behind him a long line of British troopers, returning from Campamento, was strung out, each man mounted on a yellow-blanketed polo pony and leading a couple of others. They were pulling the tipster's leg.

"Be a sport, Juzeed," they were shouting. "We're only poor soldier blokes. What's your nap for this afternoon?"

Now the *carabineros*, in the grey-green uniforms with slung carbines, also were grinning and calling for a hot tip, as with jerks of the thumb they motioned the obviously familiar and privileged figure of the veiled tipster to pass on through. An official eye was run cursorily along the line of troopers, then they, too, were thumbed through. We in our turn received the sanction of the thumb-in-office and, walking through the sultry and tawny shade under the echoing archway, emerged into neutral territory.

We collected our baggage, and returned to Campamento to join Mr. Bartholomew Finlay's house party at the Hacienda Ysabel, and on the Monday morning I saw Sir George Roskelly's horse, Master Primrose, for the first time.

It was just after dawn on Campamento sands. I was standing with Raffles, Sir George Roskelly and his amber-haired daughter, Joan, and Master Primrose's trainer, Mr. Abremis. Framed in my binoculars was a little group of four horses galloping flat out, at the sea's marge, in our direction. Suddenly I saw Alex Finlay, on Master Primrose, give the horse his head, and the beautiful lemon-roan left the others behind as though they had been standing still.

Sir George and Mr. Abremis were obviously pleased, but there was a frown on Joan Roskelly's face.

"You look troubled, Miss Joan," Raffles said.

She looked at him with the most beautiful dark-grey eyes I ever had seen. "I want Alex to win, of course," she said, "but—it seems all wrong that so much should be at stake, between him and Roberto, on a single race."

"Totally wrong," said Sir George. He closed his binocular case with a decisive snap. "However," he said grimly, "we shall see what we shall see."

Next morning, at Roberto's invitation, we went to watch his mount perform. Inez and her father, Don Luis Molina, were waiting at the gallops when we arrived. Don Luis, a tall, quiet-voiced man, pointed to five horses in the distance, galloping towards us.

I raised my binoculars. The Spanish horse, San Roque, which Roberto Finlay was riding, was a grey. It looked to me on the small side, compared with Master Primrose. Suddenly, however, Roberto gave the horse its head, and the beautiful grey left the other horses behind as though they had been standing still.

"You look troubled, Señorita Inez," Raffles said.

She looked at him with the most beautiful brown eyes I ever had seen. "Ah, Señor Raffles," she said, "I want Roberto to win, of course, but I think it wrong, wrong, *wrong* that so much should be at stake between him and Alex on a single race."

Thoughtfully, Raffles and I rode back down the track to Campamento.

To Campamento, horses were the breath of life, and a café called Los Tres Hermanos was the snuggery of the racing crowd. On the Friday evening before the Sherry Bowl Derby, Raffles and I happened to be there on our own. Raffles was playing billiards with a Madrid jockey, and I was marking for them and thinking about the pre-race sherry gathering at which we all were bidden, by old Bart Finlay, to be present at eleven thirty next morning, on the terrace of the Hacienda Ysabel.

Suddenly the din of the hoarse voices in the outer room fell abruptly silent. There was a scrape of chairs being pushed back, as though dumbfounded men were rising to the feet. An inconceivable thing had happened—a woman had entered Los Tres Hermanos. The bead curtain was swept aside, and there in the archway, her hair shining amber and her face very pale, stood Joan Roskelly.

"Mr. Raffles," she said, in a strange, taut tone, "may I have a word with you?"

Raffles laid down his cue, mounted the two steps, and cupped a hand under the girl's arm. "Miss Joan," he said, "this is no place for you. Let's go outside."

The strings of the bead curtain swayed together, clicking, behind them. My heart was thumping. Something extraordinary must have happened to bring Joan here.

I finished Raffles's game, and then I hurried back through the moonlight and the seething of crickets to the Hacienda Ysabel. There was no sign of Raffles. I ran up the stairs two at a time to take a look into his bedroom.

He was there, smoking a Sullivan. "Close the door, Bunny," he said.

"What's wrong?" I said.

"You know I told you," he said, "that I'd heard that Inez's father, Don Luis, had had a few bad seasons? Well, apparently he's in debt as a result—mainly to one creditor, here locally. I've just heard that the creditor obtained an injunction restraining Don Luis from removing any part of his property from Spanish soil. His property includes his horses. Roberto's mount, San Roque, will not be permitted to pass through the *Aduana* tomorrow, to Gibraltar racecourse, to run in the Sherry Bowl Derby."

I stared at him. Lamplight in the room seemed to shine with a still and sinister brilliance.

"Now, then." Raffles's face was hard. "Inez rode down this evening and told Joan about the service of the injunction. Joan is in an awful state about it. She tells me she's morally certain it's her father's doing. He must have heard about these debts of Don Luis's, and she says Sir George had been making mysterious visits to a local landowner here. That landowner, Bunny, is the creditor who's now taken these proceedings.

"Joan, of course," he added, "wants Alex to win—but not in this way."

"But, surely, nothing can be done."

"I wouldn't say that," Raffles said. He took another cigarette from his case. "I've had a talk with both girls, and Inez has now gone back home. Roberto is going to Gibraltar early in the morning. I've told Inez to get Roberto to take Don Luis with him, to advise about another mount. Now, here's what I want you to do——"

"Me?" I gasped.

He set his cigarette between his lips, took out his wallet. "First," he said, "I want you to stick tight with Sir George tomorrow, till you reach the racecourse. Then I want you to take this money—our joint capital, old boy—and slap it on San Roque to win."

"In heaven's name," I said, taking the money, "what do you propose to do?"

Raffles lit his Sullivan, and I could see the grey gleam in his eyes as he shook out the match. He said: "I propose to steal the racehorse San Roque and spirit it through the *Aduana* tomorrow, to Gibraltar racecourse."

When I went out on to the terrace of the Hacienda Ysabel next morning, for old Bart's pre-race sherry gathering, I was properly turned out for racing, grey topper and all. So was Sir George Roskelly, already on the terrace with Joan.

The creaking of a wheel-chair sounded as old Bart propelled himself out on to the terrace. "Where's everybody?" he said. "Where are Inez and Don Luis? Where's Abremis? Where's that feller Raffles? Roberto and Alex I excused, but where are the rest."

His tone changed as a cob came trotting up the drive. "Here's Abremis, anyway," he said, and, as Master Primrose's Gibraltarian trainer dismounted and came up the terrace steps, old Bart demanded: "What are *you* lookin' so pensive about, Mr. Abremis?".

"Why, Mr. Finlay," said the trainer, "I've just heard a bit of news that touches on the race this afternoon——"

He broke off as old Bart spun his wheel-chair round violently and trundled himself back into the house.

"You mustn't speak to Mr. Finlay about the race, Mr. Abremis," Sir George said. "You know he is very strictly neutral. Anything amiss?"

The trainer proceeded to tell us that he had just heard that an injunction had been served overnight on Don Luis Molina. Sir George listened with a wooden expression.

"A Madrid jockey who hangs round Los Tres Hermanos stopped me with the news," the trainer said. "He also told me that it's all over the village that San Roque's vanished—been spirited out of his stall within the past hour or so."

My heart gave a great thump. Raffles had been busy.

"What do you mean—spirited away?" Sir George demanded, suddenly coming to life and flushing brick-red. "Are you suggesting, Mr. Abremis, that Don Luis Molina would ignore an injunction and try to slip that horse through to Gibraltar?"

"Don Luis would never do that, Sir George," said Abremis. "I'm sure he can know nothing about this business. No, sir, there's some unknown hand at work. The horse has been stolen—maybe by some punter with a big bet at stake on San Roque's running in the Sherry Bowl Derby."

"Great heaven!" said Sir George.

"This unknown hand," Abremis said thoughtfully. "His real problem, as I see it, would be not so much the actual theft of the horse as getting it through the *Aduana*. And that brings me to another queer thing the Madrid jockey told me. You know Juzeed, the tipster? Well, the jockey told me that Juzeed was running all round the village just now, asking if his black horse had strayed down there. Seems it'd pulled its tether-peg and wandered off. Now, I can't help thinking to myself that if, while Juzeed was traipsing round looking for his horse, this unknown hand was to slip into Juzeed's shack and borrow some of those robes he veils himself up in——"

"His only chance!" Sir George said thickly. "You've hit it, Mr. Abremis." He swung round, ran down the steps and ducked into the canopied carriage. "The *Aduana*!" he shouted to the driver on the box. "Drive like the devil."

In the nick of time I recollected that my orders were to stick with Sir George. I raced down the steps after him, ducked into the carriage, then gave Joan a hand as she joined us when the carriage already was moving.

Soon we got involved with the race-day crowd. It was four times as large as that of the previous Saturday. From all the long, dust-white roads which threaded Andalusia, racegoers were converging upon the frontier, and Gibraltar beyond, for the Sherry Bowl Derby.

At the *Aduana*, Sir George sprang out. He looked anxiously towards the head of the queue, then he shouted in sudden triumph: "There he is! We're in time." In the very act of entering the archway was a white-robed figure mounted on a black horse. Sir George ran towards the head of the queue, shouting in indifferent Spanish, "Stop that man. *Carabineros*, stop him."

Carabineros closed round the man muffled in the white robes. On his horse, he was led off to one side.

"The man's an impostor," shouted Sir George. "Get him off his horse. He's no more Juzeed the tipster than that horse is the tipster's horse. It's Don Luis Molina's grey, San Roque, and has been treated with a dye."

A *carabinero* turned to the white-robed figure. With a sense of premonition approaching almost the point of sick collapse, I saw the officer's hand go out. He plucked away the swathe

FORTUNE—3

There are many scapegoats for our sins, but the most popular is Providence.

Mark Twain

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Are our doctors underpaid?

by Dr. BRIAN ANSON

What they earn; how they spend it. Facts and figures about life on a G.P.'s salary

"Now you've upset him!"

of headdress which veiled the robed man almost to the eyes. The face revealed was that of a middle-aged Moor.

"This is Mallam Juzeed," the officer told Sir George. "A harmless fellow."

"Harmless?" Sir George roared. "He's in the conspiracy. Must be. This horse is San Roque, and I insist that all this dye filth be swabbed off."

The officer gave some orders. Several men ran for the necessary materials. The officer turned in a fury on the others who were clustering round.

"What are you doing?" the officer snapped. "Get that crowd moving."

Waiting to pass through the arch were the British troopers with a long string of polo ponies returning from morning exercise at Campamento. A *carabinero* gave the troopers a cursory glance and a jerk of the thumb-in-office, his eyes returning instantly to the fascinating operations now taking place on the tipster's horse.

WHETHER it was the sight of the ponies that galvanized my memory, I did not know. At all events, a significant recollection flashed into my mind. Namely, that one of the mounts Raffles had ridden in the match last Saturday had been a grey, on the large side for a polo pony, whereas San Roque was a grey that was on the small side for a racehorse.

I did not breathe as, out of the corner of my eye, I watched the file of ponies for a grey. There was one about midway of the file. It was yellow-blanketed, ridden, with a led pony to either side of it. I slid my glance up the dusty boots and fatigue uniform of the trooper to the tanned face shadowed by the peak of a service cap.

I was looking at A. J. Raffles, on San Roque. Shouting chaff at Juzeed, like the rest of the troopers, he gave me a wink.

The blood rushed into my head as the string of ponies passed out of the shadow of the arch into the vibrant glare of the sun over neutral territory, while the *carabineros* sloshed and swabbed away busily at the tipster's horse, which stubbornly remained as black as a horse very well could be.

It was some considerable time before Sir George Roskelly could be convinced of the tipster's innocence. To his credit, he then apologized and pressed ten sovereigns into the palm of the aggrieved prophet.

We passed through the British gate and turned to the left on to the racecourse under the towering precipice of Rock Gun. I saw immediately that the rumour must have sped round that Don Luis Molina's San Roque was a doubtful runner, for the horse was chalked up at forties on the bookies' blackboards, whereas previously it had been level favourite with Sir George Roskelly's Master Primrose.

I excused myself to Joan and Sir George, and hurried to lay our joint capital, as instructed by Raffles, on San Roque to win. Two races were run, to the roar of the crowd, but I paid no attention. Then I felt a touch on my arm and a familiar voice said: "Well, Bunny?"

I spun round. Immaculate, grey-toppered, a pearl in his cravat, A. J. Raffles stood smiling at me.

"How on earth did you do it?" I asked.

"Easiest crib I ever had," Raffles said. "This morning, very early, I came over to Gibraltar, bringing in a valise these togs I'm wearing now. I left the valise at our hotel. I then went to the cavalry lines and hunted out the troopers who take the polo ponies to and fro. You see, I'd remembered that big grey I rode in the match last Saturday, and my whole plan stemmed from that. I told the troopers the whole situation and asked their help. Having co-opted the troopers, I returned to Campamento and went to the café, Los Tres Hermanos, for a word with that Madrid jockey we played billiards with the other night."

"Ah!" I exclaimed.

"Ah, indeed!" Raffles said. "You see, Bunny, I knew Mr. Abremis would be coming to old Bart's sherry gathering at eleven thirty. I got the Madrid jockey to accost Abremis, tell him about the injunction, about the subsequent theft of San Roque—and all that pure fairy-tale about Juzeed's horse having strayed. I felt pretty sure Abremis would repeat all this at the sherry gathering and that Sir George would jump to the obvious conclusion and leg it for the *Aduana* to try to head off Juzeed before he got through. It worked like a charm. Sir George created exactly the diversion I needed."

He offered me his cigarette case. "As soon as I'd brought San Roque to the racecourse, I popped along to the hotel, changed into these togs, then went to a lawyer in Main Street. There, Bunny, I signed a written confession to a crime, the theft and illegal exportation from Spain of the racehorse San Roque. With my confession, exonerating the Molina family from complicity, the lawyer's quite certain he can square things as far as Don Luis is concerned. So now, Bunny, everything's fair and square again—Roberto has the same chance of riding as Alex."

A roar from the crowd told us that the horses were going to the post, and we made our way up into the grandstand to join old Bart's party. The old gentleman had arrived in his wheel-chair, Sir George and Joan were there. Inez was there. All had binoculars to their eyes.

The horses were at the five-furlong post, on the far, right-hand side of the course. Against the background of palms, eucalypti and feathery false-pepper trees, with the sea flashing silver in the farther distance, the silks of the little knot of jockeys shimmered

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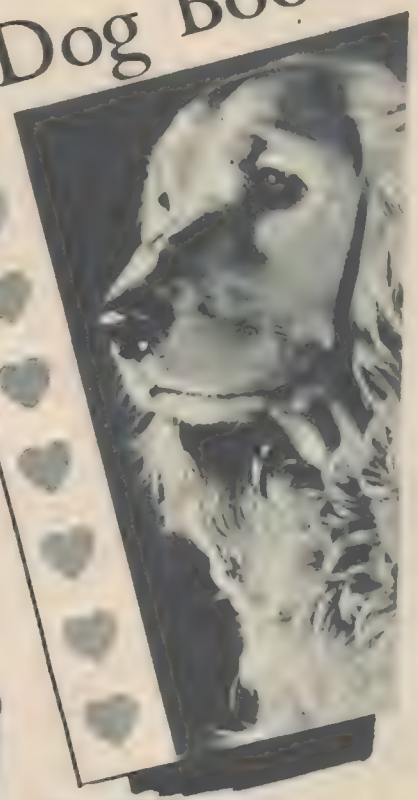

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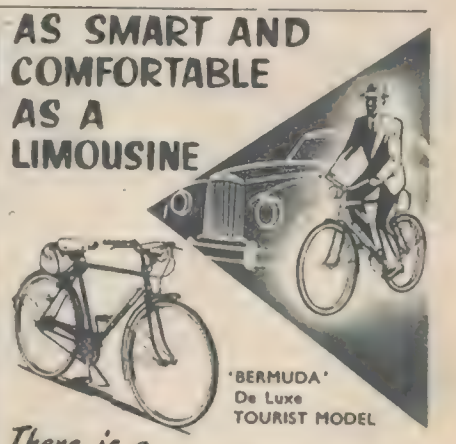

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brilliantly in the heat as the eight horses were coaxed to the starting wire.

Then, through my binoculars, I saw the wire leap up like a streak of white lightning, and I heard from the crowd a thunder-clap of sound which must have been audible in the *Aduana* and far beyond, almost to Jerez itself. Round the far rails poured a vivid blur of silks. I followed it, swinging my binoculars slowly round to the left. I saw the colours begin to thin out.

I heard old Bart Finlay mutter: "That's Lucky Lancer, with that subaltern up again, who pipped my boys last year. Come on, now. Touch o' the spur!"

With pounding hooves the horses came sweeping left-hand round the rails. Alex Finlay, on Master Primrose, lay second to Lucky Lancer. A chestnut horse and the grey streak, San Roque, were neck-and-neck third; but Roberto Finlay, in the purple-and-gold of Don Luis Molina, was beginning to gain on the chestnut.

The horses came into the straight with Lucky Lancer still leading, on the rails, Master Primrose a half-length behind, and San Roque coming up on the outside. The horses were pounding almost head-on into my binoculars now. The sound of the crowd was like the sea's surge. The three horses appeared to me to be dead level, with Master Primrose in the centre.

Through the binoculars I saw clearly the blue, cool, measuring glance Alex Finlay cast at the horse to either side of him. Suddenly his whip flicked. Master Primrose got his head past Lucky Lancer. But Roberto Finlay's whip stung San Roque in the same instant; and, riding with shoulders, wrists and clamping knees, the brothers by adoption swept past the post, to the sustained tumult of the crowd, with not a hair between their mounts and Lucky Lancer only a half-head behind.

The roar of the crowd sank to an excited hum, then soared again to the greatest thunder yet as the numbers went up: *Dead heat—Master Primrose, San Roque.*

I glanced round at old Bart Finlay. Joan and Inez had gone to him. Their arms were about his shoulders, in congratulation, sympathy and love. The old man had his hawk nose buried in a handkerchief. He blew a blare like a herald's trumpet.

"Damme, girlies," he said. "Excuse me, my dears. Damned old fool! Both of 'em—*both* of 'em! Know what Juzeed tipped in his sealed prophecy? Lucky Lancer. Hah, damned fool." He shook his head, marvelling. "*Both* of 'em! I don't deserve it."

"With no desire to be unkind, Finlay," said Sir George, "candour compels me to agree with you. I now feel free to tell you frankly that I so strongly disapproved of a horse-race as a way of settling the future of a fine business that I took such steps as were open to me to get the race, at least as far as your adopted sons were concerned, washed out altogether."

We all, including Raffles, looked at the rugged banker in astonishment.

"Inez," Sir George said, "forgive my saying that I learned of certain debts by which your father was temporarily embarrassed. After careful consideration, I went to his chief creditor and persuaded him to take certain proceedings. He was reluctant, but when I made him understand my motives, he agreed to do what I asked."

"Your motives, Father?" Joan said, in a strange tone. "What *were* they?"

"Simply to ensure," said Sir George Roskelly, "that neither Roberto nor Alex should ride in the Sherry Bowl Derby."

I was quite bewildered. We all were. Never had I seen such an expression on Raffles's face.

"I had not a shadow of doubt," Sir George said, "that if Roberto's mount, San Roque, were scratched from the Sherry Bowl Derby, then Alex, as soon as he heard of it, would immediately withdraw from the ride on Master Primrose. Thus Mr. Finlay would be left free to decide the future disposition of the Finlay *bodegas* on a sound basis of personal merit."

We all stood staring at the banker. Then Joan laughed suddenly, happily, with infinite relief.

"All very well to laugh, my dear," Sir George said. "Some unmitigated scoundrel stole the horse and got it, by some unimaginable chicanery, through the *Aduana*. I hesitate to think what harm might have been done, if it hadn't been for the lucky chance of the race ending as it did."

"More than I deserve," said old Bart Finlay. "You're sound and right, Roskelly, in everything you've said, I don't deny it. But, as things have turned out"—he smiled the tender smile of a very old man—"I wouldn't have it otherwise. Roberto and Alex will be equal partners, now, when I'm gone—I'll see to that. But they've done what I wanted and I never wish to see another race."

Raffles caught my eye. He jerked his head slightly. Unobtrusively we slipped away from the group in the grandstand. We mingled with the crowd below.

"Mr. Raffles!" a voice called.

We turned. It was Joan.

"Mr. Raffles," she said breathlessly, "I misled you. I'm so very ashamed." She looked radiant. "Inez and I *do* hope that you and Mr. Manders will come to our weddings, which will be from the Hacienda Ysabel."

"I'm afraid, Miss Joan," Raffles said regretfully, "that Manders and I are unlikely to be visiting Spain again in the foreseeable future. But it goes without saying that we shall be with you all—in spirit."

He shook his head as we stood watching her, with her hair shining amber in the sun and a hand to her pretty skirts, go back up the grandstand steps. Raffles's expression was meditative, his half smile rueful and ironic.

"You know, Bunny," he said slowly, "there are good people and wicked in this world. That little group up there must be numbered, I think, among the good."

He chuckled suddenly and looked at me with the old vivacity dancing in his eyes. "As two of the wicked, Bunny, so justly reproached for flourishing, let's go and collect our winnings. After that—what about a glass of sherry?" THE END

MY BROTHER Joe

FATHER owned an hotel in Chesterfield, and when we were children we spent most of our spare time either helping him or playing in the games room. Joe, who liked to do as he wished, was furious when Father decided that he lacked a cultural education and engaged a piano teacher for him.

The tutor, a sympathetic man, noticed Joe's restlessness, and asked him one day what he would prefer to be doing. With characteristic frankness, Joe replied: "Playing bowls."

From then on lessons were curtailed and Joe and his teacher would slip surreptitiously through the back door, and the rôles of teacher and pupil were, for an hour or so, reversed. The music master became an expert at bowls but Joe still cannot play the piano.

One of Joe's delights at the hotel was to act as marker in the billiards room. Sometimes, when he was anxious to get another game himself, he would mark up more than the scores, to make a match finish quickly. On one occasion, one of the players noticed this and decided to teach him a lesson by slipping the marker back a few points every time Joe altered the players' scores. Joe was bewildered when he noticed that the scores seemed to be going backwards.

Then, when he grasped the situation, he rushed over to the clock which limited the time allowed for play and pretended to wind it. In fact, he set off the bell which ended the game. At this the players gave in.

When Joe won his first silver cup in a competition, he was eager to rush home to show it to the rest of the family. He arrived by train in Chesterfield late at night and had to walk from the station. He had only gone a few yards when he was stopped by a policeman, who demanded to see what was in his parcel. Joe promptly said: "A valuable silver cup."

To his consternation, he was hustled to the police station, and it was some time before it was confirmed that Joe was indeed the rightful owner. Since then there has been no dispute as to his ownership of the many silver cups he has won.

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS BROTHER? See page 37

Is this how life began?

Continued from page 17

tissues, the tissues to form organs, and the organs to form living bodies.

The theory of evolution is concerned with trying to explain how the cells could develop and multiply to form the most complicated organisms. Could it happen spontaneously in the natural environment?

At first sight, the idea seems fantastic. But the more that is learned about the behaviour of these big molecules the more plausible it becomes. Some of them can grow by linking up with smaller molecules.

Some can split into two pieces, and each part can then become whole again by collecting adjacent molecules of a simpler kind. This is the first indication of the process by which a cell splits into two more cells like itself, which is the way most higher organisms grow.

Other big molecules can join together and later split up to form parts that can grow into more than two molecules—the first precursor of bi-sexual generation.

The difficulty was to see how even the moderately complicated molecules could be formed. This is where Miller's experiment comes in. He has shown that the process of forming molecules can take place quite easily in the laboratory, in conditions similar to those existing in early times. . . .

There seem to be three possible ways in which life could have begun on earth.

Firstly, life may have been carried to the earth from outside, in the form of minute organisms on meteorites from other planets, or even from outside the solar system. But it seems doubtful whether life could have survived the journey through millions of miles of outer space.

Secondly, life may have begun through the intervention of some supernatural agency.

At first sight, this seems to be the most satisfying solution, according with our deepest beliefs. It may well have happened in this way, and it is impossible to prove that it did not. But very often science has shown that there is a natural explanation for happenings previously ascribed to supernatural agencies, so it is worth while looking to see if there is one in this case.

If such a natural explanation is found, it simply means that God created matter with the inherent ability to develop in this way, right from the beginning.

We have no reason to suppose that He did not do it in this way; indeed, it seems the most perfect way to do it. The account of creation in the Book of Genesis does not exclude it, for the essential lesson it teaches is that God created all things. It leaves the way He did so an open question, which we must answer for ourselves.

The efforts of scientists to find that answer have led to the development of the third theory. This is that life arose through a long process of evolution from the atomic level through a series of more and more complex molecules to simple living organisms. These, in turn, developed to produce the living things we see around us today. This is the theory of spontaneous generation.

Darwin's theory of evolution accords with this idea; it is merely a later stage of the same development. But, ironically, just at the time that Darwin and other Victorian biologists and geologists were introducing their ideas, the spontaneous generation theory received a serious setback, through the work of Pasteur. He convinced everyone that if any substance was treated so as to destroy all life in it, no new life appeared, however long it was kept.

His work laid the foundation of those methods of sterilizing food and surgical instruments which have since saved many thousands of lives, but it was rather disconcerting for many biologists. They had just begun to accept the evolution of species, and to speculate on the process of spontaneous generation. Pasteur seemed to have disproved it.

But, of course, Pasteur had not actually shown that spontaneous generation could not occur; he had only shown that it did not occur *in the cases he had studied.* Recently, with the great advances in biochemistry, scientists have begun to see that, if life can begin by spontaneous generation, it is a long and gradual process which might take centuries to complete. So it is not surprising that Pasteur did not observe the process in his experiments.

Looked at from the molecular level, the idea of life itself changes. There is no longer a division between the living and the non-living. Instead, there is a continuous series of things of greater and greater complexity, ranging from the single atom at one end to highly developed animals at the other. Many of them show some characteristics of both the living and the non-living. Viruses, for example, can multiply in some circumstances and form into crystals in others. Are they alive or not? This is clearly a matter of convention and it is of no real importance. What matters is to see the whole process from atom to animal as a continuous development.

And what of man? Is he but the highest branch of this long evolutionary process? It is almost certain that his body developed in this way. But whether he is entirely the product of evolutionary processes is a question science cannot answer at present and, perhaps, will never answer. THE END

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Best foot forward

Continued from page 19

before hitting what happened to be the right road. By this time I was almost dead beat.

I had lost nearly three stone since the crash and was as weak as a kitten in consequence. My wasted stumps, which sat loosely or not at all in the battered leg sockets, had hardly supported me for the little walking I had done in camp; they were now in such a state as to set my head swimming with every step. Somehow I heaved myself on, determined not to capitulate and encouraged by the news that the hospital was but a quarter-mile distant. This was true, but the last four hundred yards led up a very steep and winding track.

Then our idiot guard decided to take a short cut which went straight up the hill through a pebbly path running among stunted pines. After a few yards of this I gave in, having no strength to lift my legs the extra height which the incline demanded. I threw the last of my dignity overboard and took a firm grip of the tail of the *feldwebel's* jacket.

In this way we puffed and scrambled to within a few yards of level ground when, struck with the absurd idea of finishing in style, I tried to jerk myself upright. For a second the fat Kraut staggered, grunting, then he toppled back on me and we went rolling smartly down the hill. We would have finished at the bottom if a pine tree hadn't stopped us.

The sergeant was up first—I, indeed, couldn't get up at all—and for the next few minutes I was treated to a brutish display of abuse, set off, no doubt, by the delighted laughter coming from the others at the top of the hill. Finally, since I had to reach the top by some means, the fat man turned round, bent forward with the dull expectancy of a horse awaiting the saddle, and pointed a thick finger to his coat tail. I seized it, gave him a stinging slap on the bottom, and started the climb back.

Daylight showed the clinic to be a comfortable house set on a hill in the midst of a broad and pleasant valley, through which ran an important railway line. The doctor in charge was an English eye specialist, now a major in the R.A.M.C., who had been taken prisoner in 1940. He very skilfully removed the cyst which had formed in my left eye.

ESCAPE in my case was out of the question. I was in no position to contemplate it. Even had new legs arrived from England (I had demanded a pair at Frankfurt) my wasted stumps would never have fitted them.

In addition I was nearly three stone below my normal weight, weak, because still feverish, and restricted in vision. Yet I was not done with the war or with flying, and I was still mortified by the banal way I had been cut off from both. There was only one practical way of getting back into a Spitfire, and that was through repatriation. Cases for repatriation on medical grounds were sometimes reviewed at this stage of the war.

At the end of April my chance of being selected for repatriation came up. I looked in very poor shape, but I was determined to take no risks. Coming into the room where a German colonel, two captains and, I think, a neutral observer from the International Red Cross were sitting behind a long table, I stumbled pitiably, recovered and almost fell again, to bring myself up before the board with a brave but unsteady smile.

Visibly impressed, they asked me to sit down while they examined my papers. They might have believed that I received my injuries as a result of the crash at St. Omer; perhaps my appearance was enough to convince them that I no longer represented a danger to the Reich. In any event, after a few anodyne questions, they stamped my papers and dismissed me, telling me that it might be some months before I could leave Germany.

In effect, I waited five, two of them

being spent in Stalag Luft 3, at Sagan —the notorious and glorious camp for Allied airmen about a hundred miles south-east of Berlin, in Silesia.

Towards the end of August a rumour got about that an exchange of prisoners was imminent.

Then word came through that I must pack up and hold myself ready to leave. There were about a thousand of us when we were all finally brought together in the collecting centre—an old and uncomfortable *schloss* half-way between Berlin and Leipzig, where we were to stay a month. A thousand of us in every state of injury, debilitation and moral derangement. Some, to get their ticket home, had feigned mental instability; others were genuinely "round the bend."

We got under way at last, and five days later were in Gothenburg, in Sweden, having been routed via Berlin to Hamburg, where we took ship across the Skagerrak to Malmö, and thence by electric train.

After five years of blacked-out England and ten months of Germany, the lights of Sweden were amazing. So were its food and the beauty of its women, and the kindness of those who looked after us. But, anxious to get back, I was not sorry, after forty-eight hours, to board the Union Castle liner which was to take us to Liverpool.

Home to me was Bridgwater, where my mother, who had left the W.R.N.S., was staying with friends. I arrived there for three weeks' leave after going through various and tiresome medical inspections, interrogations and sessions for re-equipment at Blackpool.

With my front teeth missing, tumefied lip, scarred cheeks and half-closed eye, I must have been a shock for Mollie, as I called my mother. She absorbed it with her usual courage. Her tenderness, the warmth of friends and the air of my own county soon put the unpleasant memories of Germany out of my mind.

Laddie Lucas, now commanding a night fighter squadron temporarily stationed at Western Zoyland, came to see me and gave me all the service gossip. He could hardly have been impressed by my appearance, but gravely approved my decision to get back to operational flying.

"But you'd better get cracking," he warned me, "the battle in France is going well and I don't think you'll have much time. . . ."

The first things to be done were to get myself a respectable face and a new set of legs. I have never been very conscious about my appearance and I wasn't now, but others, I reflected, might be more sensitive.

Although the war in Europe might be coming to an end, I was determined, if possible, to fly again against the enemy.

At the beginning of October, considerably refreshed but not quite back to full bodily health, I returned to East Grinstead to see Archie McIndoe, the famous plastic surgeon.

East Grinstead had changed since my last visit, having been impressively enlarged and modernized, but Archie —with whom I stayed—was exactly the same, as might be expected in a great human being. He was shocked by the way the German doctors had dealt with my wounds on the mouth, chin and cheek, and warned me that I would need a series of operations to put them right. My eye was more complicated, and it was about this that I worried most, knowing the high standard of eyesight demanded for operational flying.

Meanwhile, I went up to Roehampton to see about a new "undercarriage." Beal and Gear, the fitters who had given me my first tin legs, gave me a warm welcome. It was strange to be back in the place from where I had first set out to walk back into life. I have, of course, returned many times since; occasional adjustments to my legs have become a routine part of my existence. I go to Roehampton now in much the same way as I visit my tailor.

"You've come a long way since *we* saw you last," said Beal, glancing from my sketchy face to the battered socket of my right leg. "And by the look of you my guess is that you think it was all worth while."

They looked at my stumps and promised a fitting in ten days' time, and I went back to East Grinstead feeling strangely encouraged.

Life in Archie's hospital was amusing, and I met many old friends. We had some good parties together.

Among Archie's great qualities was that of letting his patients be their own taskmasters. He was not saving lives in the pathological sense, but salvaging personalities. Archie brought people back into life by convincing them that, under his hands, repellent disfigurement could be made acceptable and dignified. For this reason discipline at East Grinstead bore little relation to that which would be necessary in, say, a tuberculosis sanatorium.

In between visits to the operation table, I had a few sessions with the dentist, who gave me four new teeth and completed the work my excellent Bavarian had done on the jaw. I wasn't quite God's gift to women when I left the hospital in the middle of November, but I was much fitter, my face was no longer grotesque, my legs had almost recovered and—indispensably—I had Archie's full moral support for my effort to return to operational flying.

For that was my intention. My time as a prisoner of war in Germany meant more than just ten months of idleness: it had stopped me in full career. Flying was still a challenge, the more imperious now for having increased in difficulty. I had not more than fifty per cent vision in one eye; I was not sure that, having been repatriated, my case would even be considered. Nor did I know to what extent the crash had affected my nerve. All that I was certain of was that flying had to serve me still, and I was going to move heaven and earth to make it do so.

To my surprise and delight I passed the medical board without much trouble, being rated fit for general duties, including flying. It is true that my eye test was not as searching as might have been expected, and I was able to cheat a little with the lettered chart. As for the Geneva Convention and the ethics of returning to operations after having been exchanged—I let such hair-splitting take care of itself. . . .

IT was almost with the feeling of being a new boy that I went down to Fairwood Common, in South Wales, at the beginning of December, to be "refreshed" on Masters and Spitfire Nines. Twelve months is a long lay off from a machine such as a Spitfire. I was nervous, worrying about my eye and my new tin legs, which developed painful pressure points as I set them on the rudder bar. But the Spitfire worked its usual fluid magic, and I soon felt my confidence fully restored.

I moved on from Fairwood Common at the end of December to join the Central Fighter Establishment at Wittering, near Peterborough. I got on the fighter leader course. Having passed it I was, by the beginning of April, technically qualified to join a fighter squadron—if I could find one that would accept me.

There were many hundreds of pilots in my position, all scrambling to have "another bash at the Hun," and I realized that if I were to be one of the lucky few I must pull a direct and personal string. I remembered that Johnny Johnson was commanding a wing—No. 125—stationed at Celle in Germany, and determined to make another assault on his much-exploited kindness. I flew out to Celle in an Anson towards the end of April.

On the last day of my visit Johnny took me, with a group captain and a wing commander, over to Lüneburg Heath to visit a G.C.I. radar station which was the controlling pulse of one of the Tactical Air Force groups, of which Johnny's wing formed a part.

After the visit Johnny drove us to the landing strip, three miles away, where the Anson which was to take me and my two companions back to England was waiting. He parked the car close to the airfield, at the south end of the strip. Just as we were about to climb out of the car we saw, perhaps three hundred yards distant, at the far end of the runway, a Spitfire swinging into the wind for the take-off. We naturally waited until it should become airborne.

The pilot had hardly opened up when it was obvious that he had lost control. Going very fast, the Spitfire developed a vicious left-hand swing and careered in our direction across the heath. I knew with absolute certainty that it was going to hit us. So did the others, who vaulted from the car and sprinted away in a flash.

With my tin legs, the only evasive action I could take was to heave out and throw myself flat under the Anson's wing, a few feet to the left. I was hardly on the ground when the Spitfire reared in a tearing smash through the car, shearing the tail off the Anson as it went, and finished up wings crumpled, tail in the air.

It was a terrifying moment, and for

MY BROTHER JOE

See page 35

Joe Davis, the billiards and snooker champion, is the brother of Fred Davis

a full minute I lay where I was, my hands gripping the grass. Then, with the others, I went over shakily to do what I could. I had missed death by a yard. . .

I flew back to England with Johnny's assurance that he would do all he could to get me posted to one of his squadrons, but also with his warning that peace would very likely break out before this could happen. Johnny was right, for I had hardly been back in England two weeks when the armistice was signed.

It took me unawares, as it took so many others. I would be dishonest if I claimed that I was glad it was over. I wasn't glad; I was angry and felt cheated. It wasn't simply regret at being deprived of the chance of another "crack at the Hun," for the Hun, as such, didn't matter. But for me, without background or job or home, the war in the air was everything. I had lived towards it, through it and for it; it was the medium that had soldered my manhood to my useless stumps. Now that it was over I felt adrift, rootless and unarmed.

Japan was still fighting, but I knew that with my tin legs I never could, or would, be allowed to fly in the Far East. I knew also that the dead-end discipline of a career in the postwar R.A.F. would be an anti-climax I couldn't endure.

I badly wanted to get away, but was unwilling to leave my destination to the whim of a service posting. Remembering that Archie McIndoe had told me that I would have to return to him for the final touches of beauty treatment to my face, I put in a request to go back to East Grinstead. It was granted.

In the relaxed atmosphere of the Queen Victoria Hospital I did some earnest thinking. It had occurred to me while I was a prisoner that if I had any talent at all it was for selling myself. I liked to convince people and to make them "buy" my point of view, and so far it had worked out with some success. If myself, why not some other product? There was money in advertising.

I got in touch with the R.A.F. rehabilitation department, which gave me an introduction to a Canadian, Arthur Farncombe, who was then director of an advertising agency.

MEANWHILE, until my demobilization number came round, I had to get myself an air force job. I had heard stories that there was an interesting time to be had in Transport Command, some of whose units were flying all over the world on what sounded like novel assignments, so I sent in an application and, at the end of August, was told to report to a ferry unit.

There was a wonderful variety of aircraft there and a mixed lot of pilots from all commands. But there was one activity to which we all took with common relish—smuggling.

I wonder if in the history of contraband there has been a happier period than the five or six months which followed the end of the war. It was money for jam—the jam in this context being utility cloth, coffee, tea, tobacco and anything else for which we thought there was a market in starved and pillaged Europe.

Some of us might have resisted the bait, although I take leave to doubt it. In my case, slap-happy as I was and determined to cram all the excitement I could into the few months left me before I faced the void of civilian life, the struggle with my scruples was short.

It was not long before I found it perfectly normal to climb into a Tiger Moth with yards of drab utility cloth round my belly, another length in my parachute bag, and my hollow legs stuffed with cigarettes or tea.

Six of us, generally, took off for France, with an Anson to lead us and bring the pilots back. We re-fuelled at Fairoaks, near Woking, and then at Hawkinge—the scene of my last operational flight—where we also cleared the Customs. A bad dissimulator in any circumstances, I was horribly nervous at first.

As I am not a small man, the cloth round my body made me unnaturally obese, and I sweated freely as I waddled over to the excise and immigration offices. I needn't have worried. A few minutes later we were headed for the Channel.

The next stop was Poix, south-west of Amiens, for refuelling again, and then on to Paris, where we landed at a small and encouragingly unimportant grass airfield at Buc, not far from Versailles.

Once on the ground, we secured transport, perjured ourselves with a quick signature on a French Customs form, and made for our hotel.

Two hours later, after some quick bargaining with a cab driver or hotel concierge in some seedy alley off the Place Pigalle, or, more comfortably, over a glass of brandy in a café, we would all be richer by anything up to £70 or £80 each. This money the more "fly" among us exchanged for bottles of cognac, scent—Schiaparelli "Shocking" and Chanel No. 5 were the most popular at this time—and nylon stockings.

Having reached La Rochelle via the Loire valley and Tours, and delivered our Moths to the French naval flying school, we piled into the Anson and took off for home. The return trip was invariably hilarious, as the end of any successful smuggling sortie should properly be. The sight of anything up to ten R.A.F. officers seated on cases of brandy and surrounded by a litter of silk stockings, wedge shoes and packets of perfume, uproariously toasting the "roll on" of their next trip, might not have been very edifying—but it was fun.

In spite of the presence of a detachment of the R.A.F.'s gestapo—the Special Investigation Branch—we had no difficulty in getting our booty up to London, where a "fence" we knew in Shepherd Market smoothly disposed of it for cash-down sterling.

The deal was sometimes more personal. Restaurants, smart and not so smart, would order consignments of brandy, and I recall one *coup* when an Anson-load of fifteen cases of fairly good cognac paid off to the tune of a hundred guineas a case. On occasions, our clients were higher up the social scale, a fact which sharply disillusioned the few starry-eyed members of our gang.

"But, Hoppy," I remember a naïve young Australian pilot saying wonderingly as we left a flat in Mayfair after unloading a few bottles of Chanel No. 5, "the lady's a *duchess*!"

With £40 coming in for a three-guinea suit length, and up to £5 profit on a small bottle of scent, the period of two months which I spent ferrying was the high point of my short smuggling career.

Conditions were not the same at Dunkeswell, an airfield near Honiton, in Devon, where the unit was moved in October. Customs surveillance was tightening up, and we were obliged to recruit an accomplice on the airfield. This we found, happily, in the person of an officer who undertook to warn us in code, when we were still some distance from the aerodrome, whether or not the Customs were mobilized for inspection.

If they weren't, we unloaded in the normal way. If they were, someone in a large car raced up to the aircraft as it landed—always as far as possible from the control tower—and hastily emptied the Anson while we taxied in.

It was about this time that I had an amusing and rather moving experience which, in its human warmth and gaiety, intruded pleasantly into the cynical atmosphere of cash and carry. I found myself at Bordeaux alone, except for my navigator, with whom I had to fly an Anson back to England.

It was in a cabaret called "La Perle" that I met Danielle. She asked me to drink, and we drank. She invited me to dance, and we danced. Danced too much, for during a particularly lively stomp the metal supports of my left tin leg fractured at the hip, which they were apt to do at the most awkward moments. I was almost down, but Danielle caught me in time and supported me back to our table.

The explanation that I was legless, which she accepted with typically French good sense, led her to tell me the story of her life. It was a banal one for occupied France—her husband, an army officer, had been killed, her home sold. Life was *triste*, we agreed; very, very *triste*. When, at three o'clock, we reeled out into the cold and greying night, we were two orphans of the storm, the blind leading the blind.

It was then that I remembered that I had to take off for England that morning. The rendezvous with my navigator was at a café called Le Matelot at 8 a.m., and the place was a long trudge. My hotel was even farther, and at that time, with a foggy head and fractured leg, I felt incapable of reaching either. I explained the dilemma to Danielle, who proposed the solution at once. I should stay with her, she suggested, and set off for the café in the morning, a proposal I accepted gratefully.

Danielle's flat was only a few blocks away, but the single room she lived in was at the top of the house and reached by one of those narrow, vertiginous iron stairways which are only to be found in provincial France. I tackled it slowly, supported by Danielle, and had almost reached her landing when the weakened leg supports yielded to the strain and broke completely. She helped me to a sofa, set the alarm and, telling me that she would wake me at 6.20 a.m., kissed me once and chastely on the forehead.

Two hours later, after a short sleep and a cup of ersatz coffee, we were on our way. One of my hands was firmly on Danielle's shoulder; the other propelled along my broken leg. No one took the slightest notice of us. We reached the café just as the bus was about to leave for the aerodrome. I had no time to offer Danielle coffee, or even to express my gratitude, for someone was already heaving me aboard.

The bus rolled us out to Mérignac Airport. A more practical and urgent problem awaited me there: the question of how to get my leg sufficiently mended to allow me to fly the Anson home. The R.A.F. had no welding plant but there might be one, I was told, on the far side of the field, where a French squadron had just flown in.

Five minutes later I was trying, in a sketchy French sign language, to explain to a frowning corporal mechanic just what I needed. He listened for a time to my efforts to translate terms such as "metal stresses" and "heat expansion," then, out of patience, bade me unharness the leg, seized it with a flourish and apparently dismembered it for ever.

SEATED on a bench, I watched miserably as he unscrewed the joint on the waist band, dismantled the two sets of subtly balanced ball-bearings, tossed them on the floor, and attacked the polished steel with a roaring oxy-acetylene blower.

Meanwhile a crowd assembled. First French mechanics, then airmen of every sort, then their women and children—by the time the corporal was through I sat surrounded by an audience of at least two hundred.

At last the leg was ready: a beautiful job, as expert as had ever been done at Roehampton. Now I had to put the leg on, and I looked round furtively for a screen, a corner, anything that could give me privacy. But the crowd hemmed me in, and it was to shouts of *"Allez y"* and *"Oo la la"* that, blushing furiously, I let down my trousers and put myself together.

When we took off half an hour afterwards the runway was lined by hundreds of waving people. I had been too busy getting my clearance papers to notice them collecting. It couldn't be possible that they were saluting me, the comic *Anglais* seated morosely in the welder's shed. Yet there they were, heads upturned, hands fluttering.

Absurdly moved, I banked, returned down wind and, waving myself now, flew over the crowd, hearing its roar of goodwill above the sound of the engines. I didn't know the French very well then, and what I knew I had hardly liked. But Danielle's kindness and what happened at Mérignac that morning started an affection which has only increased with time. . . .

Soon after the New Year our unit was posted again, this time to St. Mawgan, in Cornwall. But before we moved my smuggling came to an end. I was quietly warned that the Customs knew what I had been doing and suggested that I should watch myself closely in future.

In any case, my demobilization was not a long way ahead, and although I still had no idea of what I was going to do, I knew I wished it to be a job I could pursue in the open. I got in touch with Arthur Farncombe, who arranged for me to join the staff of his advertising agency. After a few days' leave I went up to Uxbridge for my demobilization in June.

A week later, with a void in brain and belly and, in mental terms, with the same sick sense of instability which attacked me when I first tried to totter on my tin legs, I checked in to an office in central London to start my first civilian job. The salary was £5 a week.

NEXT WEEK: I propose to a beautiful fashion model

"... new panel—Sir Geoffrey leaps from window on to fiery steed below. Lady Gwendoline waves to him—balloon quote, 'Fare thee well, Geoffrey'—next panel ..."

FORTUNE—4

He that waits upon fortune
is never sure of a dinner.

Benjamin Franklin

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***Example:* Makes Life Worth Living**
***Bullet:* Knowledge—And The "Unknown"!**

£25: D. A. Bennet, 4 Mount Lodge Place, Portobello, Midlothian: A FAMILY—SAFELY LAUNCHED—*My* "CHAMPAGNE"! £10: F. Jackson (Staff), c/o Grill Room, Midland Hotel, Manchester: ON THE NEVER-NEVER—THE LOT? THE CLOT!

OTHER AWARDS. £9: W. L. Hoole, 33 Sydenham Villas Road, Cheltenham: BETTER RELATIONS—WHEN BULGANIN'S *Actions* "CORRESPOND"! £8: F. Carter, 349 Lower Fore Street, London, N.9: CRUMBLING—"CLIFFS"—BORING CHANNEL TUNNEL. £7: A. Crompton, 26 Florence Crescent, Southwick, Sunderland: INCENTIVE'S CARROT—SUNDERLAND USED—BECAME "TORPEDO"! £6: W. Evans, 72 Shawbrook Road, Manchester: MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING — THE "GLOW" OF "GO." £5: D. Bell, 1 Bathfield Road, Leith: BOWLED SQUIRE OUT—GARGE—HE'S *Emigrating* TOMORROW! £5: Mrs. H. Carr, 148 Dunkirk Lane, Leyland, Lancs: REVOLT IN THE FACTORY—SMOTHER OUT? *Smooth* OUT! £5: W.O.II T. Monaghan, 9 Access Road, West Derby, Liverpool: OVER THE OCEAN—HANDS, SAM—NOT "TENTACLES"!

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In The 1957 Test	A Devilish Device
Long-suffering Public	Car Of Tomorrow
Gamekeeper Uno	Up Against It
To Protect The Innocent	Beginning To Think
Result Of The Explosion	Politeness Costs Nothing, But
Mr. Grab	Molly-coddling
Speed On The Road	Those Lovebirds
Life's Ups And Downs	Stung
Summer Arrived And	Bit Of A Tartar
Adversity's Boot	If Nelson Lived Today

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as usual

A Call From The.....	Clean .....
.....At The Bar	In The.....Ranks
Time To.....	When.....Went In

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

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RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated June 29), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, June 15, for early news of No. 2,092 result.)

POST ENTRY

Bullets 2,092, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

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Roberts

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